JOSEPH KNOWLES

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS

Merry Xmas

to

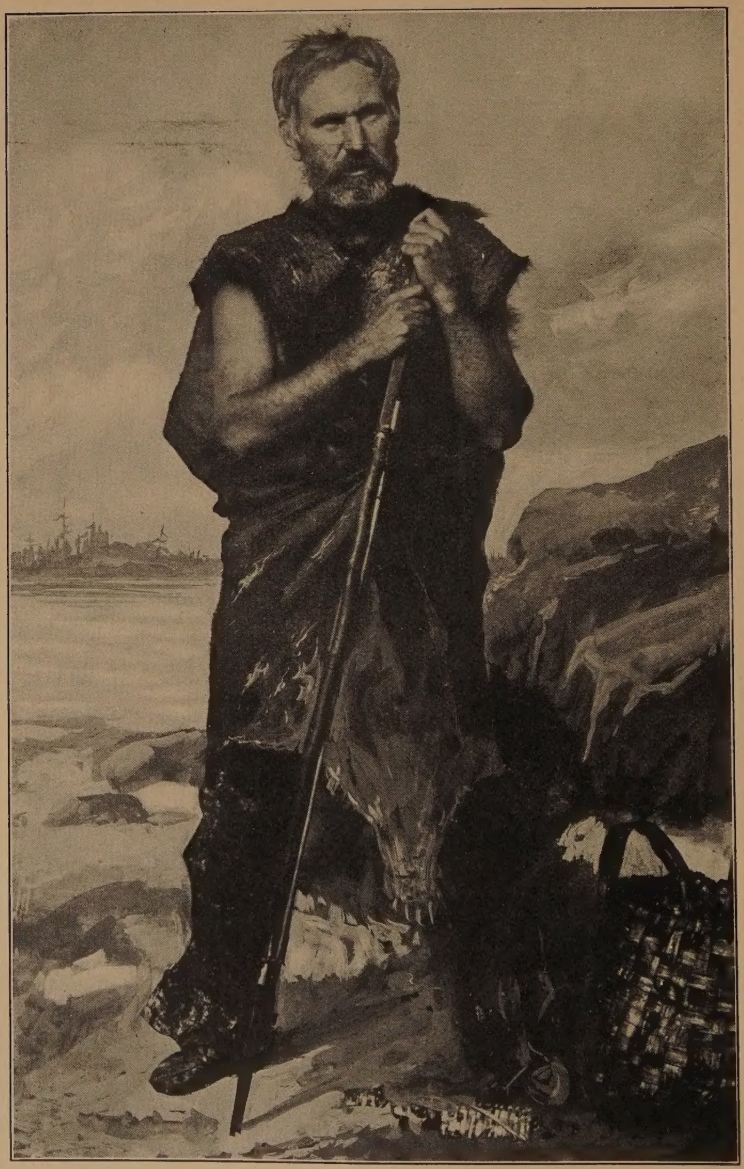
Leon 1916

May the book from nature prove helpful, instructive, and uplifting to you my brother

Carl

Yale University Jan 25, '17

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS



JOSEPH KNOWLES IN WILDERNESS GARB. PHOTOGRAPHED AT MEGANTIC ON THE DAY HE CAME OUT OF THE WOODS, OCTOBER 4, 1913

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS

BY

JOSEPH KNOWLES

Illustrated from drawings on birch bark, made by the author in the woods with burnt sticks from his fires, together with photographs taken before and after his experiences

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To My Mother

AN APPRECIATION

My warmest thanks are due to people too numerous to mention individually, for their personal interest in my experiment, and in particular to my good friend Paul Waitt for his kindness in helping me in the preparation of this book for publication and for his many valuable suggestions in regard to it.

JOSEPH KNOWLES

Boston, December 2, 1913

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ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS

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CHAPTER I

AN IDEA AND A BIRTHDAY

On the Saturday afternoon of October fourth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, just at the time when sunshine marked the end of two days' heavy rain, I emerged from the Canadian forest on the shores of Lake Megantic, having lived the life of a primitive man for two months in the wilderness of northern Maine.

I was tanned to the color of an Indian. I had a matted beard, and long, matted hair. I was scratched from head to foot by briers and underbrush.

Over the upper part of my body I wore the skin of a black bear, which I had fastened together in front with deerskin thongs. My legs were incased in crudely tanned deerskin chaps, with the hair inside. On my feet I wore moccasins of buckskin, sewed together with sinew. I wore no hat. On my back was a pack, made from woven lining bark of the

cedar, in which I carried various implements from the forest.

I had a rude bow and arrows, and a crude knife, made from the horn of a deer, dangled at my waist.

It was thus that I entered the little French-Canadian town of Megantic — back to the civilized world.

I received a welcome that I had not dreamed of, and I was very happy, for it proved to me at that time that the people were really interested. However, as the hours went on, I began to realize that they considered that I had done a wonderful thing.

It is because of this impression, which seems to have taken hold of many people since my return, that I will begin this narrative by saying that it was not wonderful. Above all else I want to emphasize that my living alone in the wilderness for two months without clothing, food, or implements of any kind was not a wonderful thing. It was an interesting thing; but it was not wonderful.

Any man of fair health could do the same thing, provided he meant business and kept his head. But, to the best of my knowledge, no other man in the history of civilization ever did what I did; and for that reason the people

are marveling at it. To be sure, doing a thing for the first time has its usual and mysterious side; but it is not necessarily wonderful.

The idea of this experiment came to me about a year ago, while I was spending a few weeks at Bradford, Vermont. At the time I was painting pictures of outdoor life in a little log cabin on what is known in that locality as Saddleback Mountain. I was painting a moose, and, as I added a touch of color to the canvas, I began to wonder how many people would notice that particular bit of color, which, from a standpoint of faithful portrayal, was as important as the eye of the creature itself.

From this thought my mind wandered on to the realization that the people of the present time were sadly neglecting the details of the great book of nature.

And, as I thought, I forgot the picture before me. I said to myself, "Here, I know something about nature. I wonder if it would not be possible for me to do something for the benefit of others."

Then I would laugh at the idea of my doing anything for the world! Probably all of us have wild dreams now and then. I am beginning to think that wild dreams are wonderful things to have. I have always hoped, more

than anything else, that I might sometime do something which would benefit mankind, even in a small way.

The idea of "nature and myself" stuck in my mind, and I began to wonder what I might do to turn the attention of the public back to nature. I knew that art appealed to only a part of the people. I could n't do it by art alone; no one ever had. A new impetus was needed.

I believed there was too much artificial life at the present day in the cities. I found myself comparing our present mode of living with the wild rugged life of the great outdoors. Then, all of a sudden, I wondered if the man of the present day could leave all his luxury behind him and go back into the wilderness and live on what nature intended him to have.

In that thought came the birth of the idea.

That night I went down to the hotel in Bradford and began talking it over with several of my friends. At first they all laughed at the absurdity of a man of to-day going back to the life of the primitive man of yesterday. I remember, as we sat around the fireplace, they asked me all kinds of questions.

I told them that in order to make such an experiment interesting it would be necessary

JOSEPH KNOWLES AS HE APPEARED A MONTH BEFORE ENTERING THE WOODS

for a man to enter the woods entirely naked, without even a match or a knife, and live a stipulated time without the slightest communication or aid from the outside world.

"What would you do for fire?" one man asked me.

I replied to that very quickly.

Another wanted to know what food I would be able to get in the wilderness and how I would get it without weapons. I mentioned a dozen ways.

Then the conversation became like a game. Every one wanted to see if he could n't stick me in some way.

That night I could n't think of a single thing that would keep me from undertaking such an experiment.

In the busy days which followed I promptly forgot all about the idea, just as nine tenths of all ideas are forgotten. Not until the beginning of last summer did the thought take hold of me again.

From time to time my friends would jokingly inquire when I was going to leave them and become a wild man.

Then, all of a sudden, it hit me hard. Another mood seized me like the one I had felt in the cabin while painting the picture of

the moose. I said — and this time I meant it—"I'll try this stunt, and demonstrate to the people that there are marvelous things to be derived from life in the great outdoors."

When I told my friends that I really was going to try the experiment during the months of August and September they became serious indeed. They were not joking now, when they cried, "Do not think of such a thing!" They reminded me that it might be easy enough to answer all their theoretical questions satisfactorily; but to actually find fire and food and clothing would be impractical and, indeed, utterly impossible.

But my mind was fully made up. I left Bradford immediately for Boston, to make preparations for the trip. By preparations I do not mean that I went back to the city to train for the trip. I went to Boston simply to discuss with other friends the plans that were in my mind.

First of all it was necessary for me to choose a location for the experiment. This was some task, inasmuch as I desired to enter a wilderness far away from civilization, where I would not be bothered by people from the outside world.

Finally I decided that I would go into the

forest on the fourth of August, in what is known in the northwest Maine country as the Dead River Region.

This country is covered with heavy black growth timber. Directly north is Bear Mountain, below which stretches Spencer Lake. To the east is Little Spencer, with Heald Mountain just beyond. Horseshoe Pond and the Spencer Stream lie to the southward, and the domain is bounded on the west by King and Bartlett Lake.

I selected this particular time for the experiment because I wanted it to be the most severe kind of a test.

I was handicapped by civilization's habits and comforts: my skin was not tough; my muscles were not firm; and my stomach was used to seasoned and well-cooked food.

However, I still retained my knowledge of the woods, and it was on that alone I placed dependence. It is in the mind, I claim, the mind that has been trained to know nature, that the spark of complete independence is retained down through the ages.

As August fourth drew near some of my closest friends literally begged me to abandon the idea. They warned me that I might become ill and wreck my future health, or even

lose my life, and all that kind of talk. They were good to me, and I appreciated their feelings, but I knew they did not understand.

I knew better. I was confident.

I left Boston for Bigelow, Maine, which is the end of the railroad in that part of the country. From there I took the stage for eight miles to Eustis, a village of fifty inhabitants, situated on the edge of the forest.

Then came something worse than living two months alone in the forest — a ride for sixteen miles over the King and Bartlett buckboard trail. The terminus of this road brought me to the King and Bartlett Camps, where I stayed until I entered the wilderness.

Directly in front of these camps is the King and Bartlett Lake. It was a mile across to the opposite shore, where, in the presence of professional men and sportsmen who were stopping at the camps in the vicinity, I disrobed and started for the wilds, leaving my clothes behind and taking absolutely nothing with me.

Presently I will relate my struggles for existence during those first few days, but first I want to mention one morning when I awoke with a flood of sunshine pouring into my lean-to and mark the tenth notch in my calendar stick. That made it August thirteenth, and

it suddenly dawned on me that this was my birthday. Then the thought came to me that my mother would know it was my birthday, and in that thought it seemed to me as if, for the first time, my early life and memories mobilized and passed in review before me, while I sat gazing off between the trees.

I saw the old-fashioned house in the forest clearing in Wilton, Maine, where I had been born just forty-four years ago that day. I saw myself as a boy, living in poverty and being forced to do things for myself.

It seemed, sitting there in the sunshine, as if a blizzard were raging off there, among the trees, and through the whirl of snow I could see my mother coming out of the woods with a load of wood on her back, just as she had done many years ago. Never until that day did I realize what my mother had done for me. It was she who had taught me about the woods and the animals.

I remembered what a hard time father had had after he had come home from the Civil War, crippled and unable to help support the family.

My mother was born in the wilds of Canada, near the Indians, and is the most courageous person I ever met. In those days of

privation in Wilton she alone supported the whole family for ten years. There were father, my two brothers, my sister, and I.

In winter she would haul the wood from the forest to keep us warm. In summer she would pick berries and walk six miles to the village to sell them. She wove baskets, made moccasins, and took in work from the people of the village to make both ends meet.

I fancied I could see her smiling face that birthday morning as I lay naked on the ground.

One vivid memory came to me of the day when we had been snowed in for some time and all mother could find for us to eat was one solitary turkey egg. It was n't very much for a hungry family of six, but she was equal to the occasion. She took the last of some flour she had and made up a batter. This concoction was all we had to eat for three days. Mother did n't take a mouthful during that time, always maintaining that she was n't hungry!

While such thoughts made me a bit homesick, as I lay there alone, I remembered that my mother had no use for a quitter.

My back door led right into the woods. I could not go outside of the house without running into them. I used to play among the trees, and when I saw a strange animal I would rush

toward home to ask mother what it might be. She would make me describe it; and, when I did, she always knew what it was. Then she would tell me all about the life and habits of that animal, so that soon I knew all the wild creatures that haunted the wilds about us.

One particular incident of that childhood past came to my mind. One day, while playing in the woods, it occurred to me that I was old enough to be a hunter — I was ten years old at the time. So I walked back to the house and got the old family gun out. The gun was longer than I was, but I managed to drag it into the woods with me.

About eight feet of snow covered the ground. I had on my father's old slippers, which acted like snowshoes on the crust. Hardly had I lost sight of the house when I heard a noise above me in a tree. Looking up I saw something dark moving in the branches.

My first thought — I remember it to this day — was to run, but I got my courage up and at the same time managed to lift the gun to my shoulder and fired. Not a sound came from the animal in the tree, but in a moment my hair stood on end to see the creature come backing slowly down the trunk!

I let out a yowl, dropped the gun, tripped in the big slippers, and fell face downward on the crust. But I was up again in a flash, dashing away toward home, and leaving the slippers behind on the snow.

When I reached the door I fell flat on my face and howled. Mother and father came rushing out to see who had been killed.

"There's a bear after me!" I shrieked.

With that, my father limped down the steps and, giving me a little shake, cried out, "Don't you tell such a lie as that. The bears are all in their dens at this time of year!"

Mother calmed him and helped me to my feet. "Now let's find out just what it was," she said.

When I blurted out the part where the animal backed down the tree she assured me that it was no bear, but a hedgehog!

They knew that hedgehogs look very much like bear cubs at night, so they did n't get after me any further.

I laughed out loud there alone in the forest that thirteenth of August as these recollections flittered across my mind, but I quickly sobered again at the remembrance of my running away from home. I ran away to go to sea when I was a boy of only thirteen years.

PREPARING TO ENTER THE WILDERNESS

During the long winter evenings, father, who had seen something of life in his earlier days, used to tell us fascinating stories of the sea and the full-rigged ships that sailed across the ocean. Those stories got me. For six months I planned to go to sea; and one night, after father had scolded me for not working in the field with the other boys, I left the house quietly and went out into the night. I walked all the way to Portland. It took me two whole days.

The first thing I saw on arriving in that great city was a vessel just about to sail from one of the wharves.

I went the rounds of the various wharves asking for a job, but my size was against me and I was turned down everywhere. I was discouraged and homesick that first night in a big city. I had n't had anything to eat since leaving home and had nowhere to sleep.

I left the docks and started up the railroad tracks looking for some place to sleep. Luck was with me in this respect, for I soon came to an old barn in a field by the side of the railroad tracks. I crept inside and dropped down on the hay and fell asleep immediately.

When I awoke the sun was shining through the barn door. Looking off toward Portland I could see the masts along the waterfront.

I gazed off up the tracks toward Wilton. I was hungry and homesick, but, nevertheless, when once more I turned my eyes to the sea it was all sea again for me. So I trotted along toward the wharves. All that day I met disappointment. Not one of the captains would give me a job.

It was my third day away from home and I had not eaten a thing. Again that night I went back to the shelter of the barn, but before I fell asleep I firmly resolved to go home as soon as it was daylight.

When morning came I started on my way toward Wilton. I did n't feel the hunger so keenly now, and as I walked along it came into my mind that I had heard that a man could go nine days without eating. Already I had been away from home three days. It would take two more to reach Wilton, which would leave four more before I actually starved to death, I figured.

However, I did not go back home that day. I discovered, moored to one of the wharves, a two-topmast schooner, which had n't been there the day before. "I'll take one chance at her, and then, if there's nothing doing, I'll go home," I said to myself.

As I approached the craft I could see mem-

bers of the crew unloading merchandise. Close by, on a keg of salt mackerel, sat a gray-whiskered old man, who occasionally shouted something to the busy men about him.

"He's the feller," I reasoned.

"It's a great day, ain't it!" I greeted, coming nearer.

"What of it!" was his curt reply.

This unexpected answer did n't phase me. I had too much at stake.

"Oh, nothing much," I continued. "I just had to say something."

"Why did you have to say something?" he demanded, looking steadily at me.

" 'Cause I'm looking for a job," I put in quickly.

"Huh?" grunted the captain, for it was in truth he. "What can you do?"

I had n't the least idea. But even that day in the wilderness, looking back after all those years, I seemed to see the steering wheel of that vessel.

"I can steer a ship," I answered, believing for the moment that I really could.

"Did you ever go to sea before?"

"No, sir."

"Well, how do you know you can steer a ship then?" he demanded.

Just while I was hopelessly floundering around for a good reason, the cook came out of the cabin with a bucket in her hand and asked the captain to send someone for fresh water at the hydrant at the head of the wharf. I was the nearest to him, so he sent me for the water and told me I could make the trip with him.

At last I was going to sea! I was a real sailor! And, at least, I would get something to eat!

I made a few trips on the coast on that schooner. One day the jib blew away in a squall. The mate called me a "land lubber," and other choice names, which are n't fit to be printed, and the upshot of it was that I quit the ship. I landed at Portland with two ten-dollar bills in my pocket, the first money I had ever had in my life, and started at once for home.

First I bought the whole family presents.

What a joyful home-coming it was!

Father was down to the village when I arrived. He came in later, while I was relating my adventures to my mother. When he caught sight of me — the runaway son — he stood still a moment, looking at me. Then, without a word, he went into the next room. That hurt more than any licking he had ever given me.

That night, two hours after entering the house, I crept down stairs and ran away again, just as I had done the year before.

This time I was gone for a number of years.

At first I went back to the coasters. Then I shipped aboard the deep water ships. I traveled nearly all over the world. Later I entered the United States Navy, where I served enlistments for a number of years. After that I decided I would like to try sailing on the fresh-water lakes. So I left the coast and sailed on the Great Lakes for another twelve months.

It was while I was in that country that I became acquainted with tribes of Sioux and Chippewah Indians. They were scattered all along the west coast of Michigan. I gave up the sailing and went among them. That year I went back into the mountains and hunted and trapped with them. Of course, I picked up valuable knowledge about the woods under these conditions.

It was remarkable to me, as I reflected there in the forest on my forty-fourth birthday, how the smallest details of my past life came back to memory. It seemed as if in those first few days the cobwebs were wiped away from my brain, revealing thoughts which were com-

pletely forgotten. It seemed as if I had never thought clearly before. I confess I was just a trifle homesick.

I reached out and ripped a piece of fungus from a tree close by, and began sketching on its smooth white surface a crude picture of my lean-to, as I had often done for hunters from the city, who told me I should make the most of such a talent.

That was the way I started my art work. I just drew the things I saw around me in the forest. I never went to an art school, but I studied the works of successful artists, and won what success has been mine through my own efforts.

The fascination of the panorama of the past that unfolded itself before me that birthday morning made me quite forget to eat. The sun, peeking down through the trees from high overhead, told me that hours had gone by.

I rose and started for the burnt lands after berries.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS

To go back to the beginning of my life in the wilderness, heavy skies and a steady drizzle of rain greeted me on the morning of August fourth, when I awoke in the King and Bartlett Camps. However, the weather did n't bother me.

The sportsmen and professional men who were interested in my departure joked with me, and laughingly said that they would see me back again that night. Everyone was in the best of spirits.

Shortly after nine o'clock we all left the camps for the opposite side of King and Bartlett Lake.

The drizzle had increased to a steady downpour, and the brown suit of clothes which I wore became wet through.

The time for my entering the forest was about ten o'clock.

The boats landed at the foot of what is known as the Spencer Trail, which rises straight

up the side of Bear Mountain and winds its way up over the crest and down the other side for five miles through the woods to Spencer Lake.

"Here's your last cigarette," cried someone, offering me the smoke as I began to take off my clothes.

I took it and lit it, and then went on undressing. Presently I stood naked.

I took two or three final puffs of the cigarette, tossed it to the ground, and began to shake hands with everyone.

My body was already glistening with the rain but it did n't bother me any.

I waved my hand as a last farewell to human companionship for two months, and started up the trail. At the top of the incline, where, in another moment, I would be out of sight among the trees, I paused and waved once more to the waiting crowd below. Then I struck out straight along the trail.

I had left civilization!

I don't remember a great deal of that five-mile trip. My mind was filled with all kinds of thoughts. I kept saying to myself, "I shall keep on going straight ahead into the woods, where I shall not see anyone or talk with anyone for two months." Then the realization

BREAKING THE LAST LINK. ENTERING THE WOODS AT THE FOOT OF SPENCER TRAIL, AUGUST 4, 1913

would come over me that what food and comfort I obtained would have to come through my own resourcefulness.

By now I had reached the ridge of Bear Mountain and swung along down the other side, where I easily recognized the lay of the land, though I had not seen it for ten years. Presently I saw the surface of Spencer Lake through the trees below me.

In order to avoid the Twin Camps I swung off the trail to the right, crossing over deadfalls and plunging through the tangled underbrush.

When I reached Spencer Lake I looked across that sheet of water, with its background of endless trees that rose up, up, up, and then to the sky line, way beyond, and saw a rugged picture. The sweep of rain hung like a filmy curtain between me and the distant mountain forest, softening the lights and shadows of everything.

For fully fifteen minutes I stood there in the rain and studied that wild stretch of nature. Three ducks flew around in a circle over the water.

I was n't cold even then. Unconsciously I began to walk slowly along the Spencer shore, wondering just what I should do first.

To save my life I could n't seem to make any connected plans. So I wandered aimlessly along for some time, finally reaching a point some distance below the Kempshall Camp.

Then I faced the heavy growth of woods and plunged in. I had no particular destination; I was just going anywhere.

Perhaps I had gone two miles when I found myself in a spruce thicket. By now the afternoon was well along, and I had n't done a thing but wander about!

I had thought about building a fire, but saw there was little chance with everything dripping wet about me. However, I decided to make a try. First I hunted for a good piece of pine root to be used as a base; then a stick for a spindle. Next I ripped off a piece of bark of the cedar. I tore the inner bark into small strips, which I braided into a kind of rope. This I looped about the spindle, tying the ends to a bow-stick I had snapped off a dead tree.

I had to get my fire through friction, caused by whirling the spindle on the pine base by sawing back and forth with my crude fire-bow.

In vain I hunted in every crevice and log for dry punk. Everything was soaked through. I then saw the absolute foolishness of it all, and straightway gave up the task.

It was now dark, and here I was in this spruce thicket, without food or fire, naked, and miles from a camp.

I made up my mind that I would stay out one night anyway, even if I went back and called the stunt off early in the morning.

I found a place where I could walk back and forth a bit to keep warm, so I started in. With the darkness the air grew colder. The rain continued, unabated. I ran back and forth until I was tired and breathing heavily. Then I would stop for a moment to rest, sitting down on the wet ground with my back against a tree. Of course, I could n't sit there very long without catching cold, so after a little I would get up and begin walking again.

I must have run miles that night, in that little space in the spruce thicket. I would stop to rest, only to start walking again.

It must have been early the next morning, about three o'clock, I guess, when it began to get very cold. The rain had stopped. I increased my pace back and forth. Thus running and resting I spent the first night alone in the wilderness.

Daylight came very slowly, but with it I was on the move.

Not a thought had I given to food since I entered the forest. I was n't hungry.

I struck a natural game trail and followed it along, not knowing where I was going.

Presently it began to rain again, and, while I got used to it later, I did not welcome it just then. My thoughts were the same jumbled thoughts of the day before.

As I roamed along, my resolve to leave the forest and call the experiment off did not figure particularly in the morning's mood. I somehow did n't care where I was going. And I did not feel the cold to any great degree.

At last I reached Lost Pond. I had never seen it before, although years ago I had been well acquainted with the country thereabouts, and knew this must be it. It looked very small to me, and for a moment I wondered if it really were Lost Pond.

Out in the open it was still raining hard. As my eyes wandered across the pond it seemed good to see distance instead of just trees. I wanted to put my hands in my pockets to enjoy the picture better, but I did n't have any pockets to put them in. Nothing in that view escaped me that day. I saw the sky, the trees, and the opposite shore.

It helped break the monotony of that dark rainy day.

I never knew what I went to that pond for, but I think there is something that draws a man or an animal to a place of relief in the woods — any opening, any sheet of water, or spring, or anything that is different from the miles and miles of trees which become so tiresome.

People have many different ideas of the definition of the word monotony. True monotony means a tree and a tree and a tree, and then some more of the same kind of trees over and over again. It means the same lay of the land over and over again.

In the midst of this monotony of trees, sometimes the game trail will suddenly lure you into an opening, as, unconsciously, I had been carried to Lost Pond this particular morning.

In case there is no clearing or sheet of water in the country round about, the most natural thing is to climb to the highest peak you can find, where the great open sweep above the timber offers a different kind of a picture.

Scarcely had my eyes traveled to the opposite shore when I noticed a beaver dam a little to the left of me. Signs of activity were there and I saw fresh cuttings.

The rain seemed to be increasing. I saw a deer on the opposite shore and I thought how comfortable she looked. Then I thought how easy it would be to make plans to catch that deer, or any other deer that came down to the water. I envied her her hide that morning, I can tell you!

Then there came into my mind my promise to live within the game laws of the State of Maine. It made me sore to remember how the Fish and Game Commission had refused me a permit to kill the game I actually needed. They had a perfect right to grant that permit, according to law; but they didn't see fit to.

I grew revengeful at this thought, because, under the circumstances, my lot would be ever so much harder than that of the primitive man of old. The first men of the forest were not handicapped by laws from an outside civilized world! If the game authorities had given me that permit my life would have been more comfortable during those first few days in the wilderness.

I did n't wish to harm that old doe across the lake, but, at the same time, I realized that her skin would have been a godsend to me just then.

THE DOE AT LOST POND. THE FIRST SKETCH DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR DURING HIS TWO MONTHS IN THE WILDERNESS. DONE ON BIRCH BARK WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

As it was, I waved my hand toward her, shouting, "Go ahead, old girl! I'll get along some way." Then I turned my steps toward the beaver dam, and left the old doe standing there alone.

There were many deer tracks in the runways.

The rest of this day was uneventful. I hadn't got my balance yet. My thoughts were still confused. As yet I did not feel any hunger, so made no efforts to get food, though I had n't eaten anything since breakfast at the King and Bartlett Camps just before I entered the forest.

I simply wandered around, not caring where I went. Because of the cold and rain I started back early along the trail for the spruce thicket, where I had spent the night before.

Another attempt at making a fire proved unsuccessful.

The second night was a repetition of the first, spent in alternately walking back and forth and resting. I did n't suffer terribly, but it was not altogether comfortable out there without any clothes.

With the morning came the sunshine. As I came out into the clearing, the sun felt good on my body.

I hunted round till I found a partly shaded spot, in among the trees. I needed sleep more than anything else just then, so I lay down, and in the warmth of the morning sun forgot everything for a couple of hours.

When I awoke I felt the pangs of hunger for the first time.

I crossed over the beaver dam, and followed down the outlet of the pond, keeping my eyes open for shallow pools, where, perhaps, I might land some trout.

I was headed for the burnt lands in search of my first food. I knew that I should be able to find berries there in abundance.

The burnt lands are those parts of the forest which have been swept by fire. The land is open and full of charred tree trunks, here and there. Blueberries can always be found in such land.

On I went until I reached Little Spencer, on the other side of which lay the burnt lands.

I came upon bush after bush loaded with blueberries and raspberries. I gathered a handful and ate them.

After I had eaten my fill, I headed for the thicker woods, where, with the help of sharp stones, I peeled some birchbark from the

trees. Folding the bark into cornucopias, and pinning the overlaps with splint sticks, I soon had two berry-dishes. These I took back to the berry-patch and filled to overflowing, storing away the food for future need.

Once more I headed toward Little Spencer, but this time I followed the outlet, earnestly hoping to land a trout. At last I came to a shallow pool, in which I managed to round up a couple of trout.

The fish had come up stream seeking the cooler waters of the springhole, and I simply shut the hole in from the stream by lowering the water. With a little patience I dispatched the trout with a stick.

I was still pretty much in the open of the burnt lands, and the sun was already beginning to burn my tender back and shoulders. I knew that I must tan my body gradually, or else I would suffer a great deal of pain and inconvenience. So I left the open for the shaded timberland, where I lay down and soon fell fast asleep. When I awoke it was late in the afternoon.

My first thought was of a fire and shelter for the night. A short distance away from where I had slept I found a spring. Here

was the place for a camp, so I started in at once making plans for my first home.

To begin with, I commenced to build some kind of a shelter, which would keep the wind away from me more or less.

I hunted around for some crotch sticks, and, after finding two, I drove them into the ground wide apart. Next I placed a stick across the crotches and had my framework. Two more dead sticks were placed slanting to the ground, at either end, and then I began to gather quantities of dry sticks, with which I made a crude, slanting roof.

Over these sticks I placed fir boughs and bark. More fir boughs were stacked up against the sides, which were also banked with moss to keep the wind from whistling through. The front of this shelter was open.

When the rude structure was finished, it was nearly dark.

During the day, the wind had dried things quite a bit, so I began at once to try to make a fire that would burn. This time I found some punk in a crevice of a tree, which was dry.

I began sawing back and forth for dear life, and soon my efforts were rewarded by a thread of smoke which rose from under my

spindle. As soon as I thought the spark was there, I snatched up the base and blew it toward the punk which I held in my other hand. Presently I saw a spark on the punk and nursed it carefully. Then, with a little puff, it burst into flame! This I applied to a little heap of other bark and punk and sticks, which I had all ready, and soon I had my fire. It was merry — that fire — just like a companion.

It was time to eat, so I ate most of the berries I had brought in my cornucopias from the burnt lands.

This simple meal was ample for me that night, especially with the prospect of fresh roast fish in the morning.

Just before settling down for the night, I took the two trout I had caught and put them in the spring to keep them cool. It was the only refrigerator I had.

Then I went back and made up my bed. A man who does n't know the woods would be surprised to learn what a really comfortable bed can be made by first putting down fir boughs and then covering them with dry leaves.

What a great comfort that fire was! I heaped it high with wood when I first lay down

to rest, and, with an occasional replenishing, managed to pass a comparatively comfortable night.

Even in the morning the coals remained, and I soon had it burning again.

It was another fair day.

"Now for a breakfast of trout," I said, as I headed for the spring down the slope about fifty feet away. But, when I got there, what was my consternation to find that the fish were gone! Fresh mink tracks all about told their own story. I had been robbed by someone else who was hungry!

Anyway, the spring was left, so I lay down and took a drink. Then I went back to my lean-to and ate the few remaining berries I had tucked away.

I decided to explore some more, so, after banking my fire, I started off in the direction of the burnt lands again. On the bank of the stream I found a few roots which were nourishing. They tasted something like celery, but I did n't like them. I went on to the burnt lands and finished up my breakfast with another course of blueberries.

There was one thing that had to be attended to at once, and that was to make some sort of covering for my legs. They were horribly

scratched and caused me a great deal of irritation.

Some witchgrass growing by the stream gave me an idea. I pulled up several handfuls, which I bound on to my legs, tying it around with pieces of the toughest grass.

I mourned the trout I had lost for breakfast and determined to catch another, which should n't get away from me. I hunted everywhere for a shallow pool, like the one I had found the day before, but met with no success.

Just as I was despairing about finding a fish in that vicinity, I heard a splash in the water up stream. An otter was swimming for the shore, and in its mouth was a big trout!

I shouted at the top of my voice, at the same time hurling a stone into the water. I laughed as I saw the trout come floating down the stream, belly up. The otter had disappeared.

By robbing the otter I got square with the mink. I reached camp and roasted the trout. I can't say I enjoyed that meal. It tasted flat without salt. However, I felt the nourishment of it later. I needed it after my simple berry diet.

After the repast, I sat looking into the fire

and thinking. I finally decided to abandon the camp and strike out for a better section.

The idea of going out of the forest had left me. I began to go about things as if I were a part of the forest itself.

On first consideration, it might seem as though I had wasted a lot of energy in building my lean-to for a single night. But I really had n't, for during my wanderings I might find myself in that region again, and I would know beforehand where I could find shelter. It would be a kind of headquarters for that particular section of the country. I had several such before my two months were up.

Stamping out the smouldering embers, and taking my fire apparatus with me, I struck off in the direction of Big Spencer Stream.

CHAPTER III

MY FIRST ADVENTURE

So far my life in the wilderness had been very commonplace. I felt in the best of health. I had had no adventures, though unknown adventures were in store for me and they were to come quickly.

One late afternoon, some time after my arrival at Big Spencer Stream, I returned to the burnt lands to gather berries. On the way I stood on a slight elevation, looking down into a small gully. From somewhere afar came the sound of a rifle shot, which brought back to me the thought of human beings; but I did not dwell upon it.

I worked overtime picking berries, and soon gathered two birchbark dishes full.

The light was beginning to fade, so I made up my mind it was time to start for my camp, which was some distance away. Just as I was stepping over a charred, fallen trunk, I heard a crash in the bushes behind me.

Whirling sharply about, I saw, down in

the gully below, a deer come tearing through the brush with two bears at her heels. The deer was evidently wounded, as she would stagger and fall, then get to her feet again and dash along.

The two bears looked like galloping balls of fur. They would almost reach the deer when she would fall; but she always managed to scramble to her feet in time to keep just out of their reach.

Instinctively I wanted to go to the aid of the deer, but better reasoning held me back. Even in the presence of death I experienced a bit of joy, for I knew the bears would eventually get the deer.

The battle for life had carried the deer and her pursuers well out into the burnt lands. I stood close by, watching every move. I could see that the deer was weakening. Suddenly one of the black fur bodies hurled itself on to the frail creature. A bear never seemed so powerful to me before!

Here I made my first mistake. I had been so glad that I might be able to get a deerskin without breaking the game laws of the State, that I did not stop to figure that by waiting I might also get a bearskin. I did n't take into consideration that when once the

deer was overcome, the two bears would fight it out between themselves as to the possession. I should have reasoned that they would fight, as they did.

Scarcely had the deer ceased her pitiful struggles, when one of the bears flew at the other. Had they been allowed to continue, one would surely have killed the other in that mixup. But I was so excited I ran down into the gully, across the open space, toward the scene of battle. The bears saw me at once, for in less than a second they were streaking for the cover of the woods, leaving their prey behind.

As I leaned over the deer, I found that the skin had hardly been torn. High up on one shoulder blood was streaming from a wound made by a bullet. "Probably that gun shot I heard about half an hour ago," I said to myself. No doubt some woodsman in need of food had made an attempt to get her, even though it was August, when deer are protected by law.

I knew I would n't have time to skin the creature that night through the slow rock-tearing process, so I dragged the body for some distance into the woods where I buried it with earth, branches, leaves, and stones.

Then I went back over the ground where I had just dragged the animal, and covered up the tracks with leaves. The trail was completely obliterated, or at least I thought it was, so that the bears would not find it.

It was quite dark when I started for my lean-to, resolved to come back and skin the deer in the morning.

As soon as the sun was up I made for the place where I had hidden my deer. I had one regret, that I had not made the most of that situation the night before and obtained a bearskin as well.

But soon I had something else to think about, for, upon arriving at the spot where I had interred the carcass, I found leaves, branches, rocks, earth — everything scattered about! The bears had been there before me. I had lost even the deerskin!

I wanted that deerskin badly. I needed it. However, it was gone, and that's all there was to it.

I had counted a whole lot on the deer meat also, for my food thus far had not been very hearty, though it had answered after a fashion.

In one of the marshes I had hit a couple of frogs over the head, and tried eating the

hind legs. But I could n't go the taste of these luxuries, and never tried them again.

In the clearings and along the streams I found plenty of raspberries and blueberries. Getting tired of these, I ate some bunchberries, which grow in scarlet clusters; also checkerberries and berries of the mountain ash. Almost everywhere in the deep woods skunkberries were to be found. I ate a lot of these, which contain much nutriment. These berries are black and fuzzy, and probably receive their name because they resemble the fur of the skunk. They grow on high bushes. I chewed a great deal of spruce gum.

But, as I said before, such food was not very substantial. It was enough to get along on for awhile, but I needed something more. While that first trout had not been particularly palatable without salt, I realized that it had given me strength, and made up my mind that I must get some more.

The loss of that deer meat was a great loss indeed.

Once again I headed for the Big Spencer Stream country. I knew or thought I knew, where I could find some good spring holes, in which I hoped to catch some trout. After a long time my search was rewarded. I

found a spring hole, which was alive with them.

I went down stream a little way, where, with rocks, I made a small pool. Then I went back to the big pool and began to drive the trout into the small pool. Down they went into my trap! All I had to do was to wade in and just pick them up with my hands. I gathered up as many as I thought I needed and carried them to a rough lean-to — one which I had thrown up the night I came to this region from the Lost Pond district.

Doubtless people who have always fished with a line and hook can scarcely conceive catching fish with the bare hands. But it is the simplest thing in the world. In some instances, during my life in the forest, I could have obtained barrels of fish in this manner, had I seen fit.

I remember one day when I crossed the beaver dam, previously mentioned. I wanted some fish, so I promptly let the water out of the dam. In the shallow pools were stranded quantities of fish. I did this out of necessity, and, as soon as I had all I needed, I immediately dammed up the broken places so that the fish left behind would not die.

Of course many of the fish I caught in the Big

Spencer Stream country would not have kept very long without some sort of preparation on my part. To cure the fish, I selected several flat rocks and built a smoke hole with them, in which I hung the fish on sticks to smoke. I let them smoke for several hours, after which they would keep for days.

When I had an abundance of raspberries I would spread them out on pieces of birch-bark to dry and shrivel up. In this way I preserved many berries.

By this time I was satisfied in my mind that I would not suffer physically from the experiment. I had fire and shelter and was getting enough to eat. Already I began to feel that I would never again think of such a thing as "calling it off," but that I should be able to stick it out the full time. Perhaps it was because I had the companionship of a fire.

Fire was my greatest asset in the woods, by far. With a fire you have got about everything. It would be difficult — in fact, I do not believe a man could get along for any length of time in the wilderness without it. First of all, it aids you in a hundred ways. Next, it is a comfort — a wonderful comfort.

When I made my fire bigger, I would say to myself, "Here, I am making room for

another fellow." Then for hours I would sit in front of it, thinking of my friends and of the outside world. From time to time I would catch myself talking out loud to myself. The mere fact that I felt that imaginary people were there made it so much easier to be alone.

As a comfort-producer, fire is second to nothing in the world. As I look back on it now it seems as if it did about everything for me.

Ofttimes I would run across a log, which was too heavy for me to carry. I would get busy making a fire beneath it and burn it in two. Then, if the pieces were still too large, I would burn them in two again, and so on, until I had chunks light enough to carry.

I had n't been in the forest long before the vision of a bow and arrow danced before me. I realized that it would of course require a lot of patience to make such a weapon; but I knew I could do it. Until I could obtain some rawhide I knew I should have to use the twisted lining of the inner bark of the cedar for a string. But, such as it was, it would be vastly better than nothing.

Here the fire came to my aid again. In the midst of a tangle created by the uprooting of a maple tree which as it fell had crashed into a hornbeam, carrying it with it, I found a horn-

beam sliver which I knew was the best kind of wood with which to make my bow. Such a stick in the rough has n't the slightest resemblance to a bow.

Then I built a fire and let the stick burn for awhile, turning it now and then to get an even char. With a sharp rock I would then begin to scrape off the char, after which process the stick would be returned to the fire until a new char had burned. I scraped and charred that stick until I had reduced it to one inch in thickness. And all the while the fire had been seasoning it nicely for me. With the rocks I smoothed and rounded it perfectly. When it was done I had a formidable weapon, which aided me greatly in after days.

It would be impossible for me to enumerate the things fire will do for a man, if he will only let it and steer it. It will cook his food, as it cooked mine. If there are vicious animals in the forest, it will keep them away. All a man would have to do, if attacked, would be to throw a burning brand into the bushes, and the creature would run quickly away. It might be starving, but it would not come near the fire.

Again, fire made several clearings for me, when I wanted to get rid of the tangle and

underbrush. It smoked my fish; and it even broke my rocks. Many times I cooked my food on heated rocks, which were perfectly clean and very handy.

Carefulness regarding fire in the woods is a most vital point. I have the greatest admiration for the splendid forest conservation movement, which has meant such great protection to the natural world.

I deplore the inexcusable carelessness of some men who build fires at random in the woods, thereby destroying valuable timber. If these offenders would only stop to consider what a tree would do for them they would be far more careful with their fires.

The tree shelters man. It gives him bark and wood for utensils. It offers warmth and even food. Just as fire is a blessing, so are the trees of the forest. However, the blessing of fire can be turned into a curse very quickly through thoughtlessness and deliberate neglect. It is a good servant but a bad master.

When I go over in my mind that eventful life in the wilderness, I suppose I could have pulled through some way without the aid of fire; but I know this, that if I had been obliged to get along without it, I would have

THE AUTHOR DEMONSTRATING FIRE–MAKING BY FRICTION WITH CRUDE MATERIAL. POSED SHORTLY BEFORE HE ENTERED THE WOODS

come back nothing but skin and bones. I would actually have suffered. People who look at fire with fear do not realize what it really means. It is one of mankind's greatest blessings.

Altogether, during the two months, I had, perhaps, six or seven fires which I was forced to build for protection. I would bank them and keep them going for days at a time. One fire I kept for ten days by covering it over with burnt ashes and dirt whenever I left it. Sometimes I would go away all day and stay over night, and, when I returned to the camp, I would find a few glowing coals, with which I soon built a big healthy fire.

During the last days of my first week, I spent most my of time in the Lost Pond and Big Spencer Stream country. I had made no attempt to get any skins since losing the deer, but had busied myself in many different ways.

My witchgrass leg-shields were not very durable, so I set about replacing them with something better. With sharp rocks I started the bark on some cedar trees, and gathered a large supply, peeling off strips right up the tree, some of which were as long as twenty feet.

These strips I would take back to my lean-to in order to separate the inner bark from the outer covering. Then I would tear the inner bark into smaller strips.

The early training which my mother had given me in basketry came in very handy in those days. I began to weave long leggings out of strips about a quarter of an inch wide. After a time I had a pair which covered my legs like trowsers, fastening to a belt of the same material. I could go anywhere with this protection, which served me well, for a time. It was all right while it was perfectly dry; but when it became wet it tore and wore out quickly.

Getting more ambitious, I took wider and heavier strips of bark and wove a pack-basket large enough to carry my fire-kindler and other things I might need.

In the meantime, I had not forgotten my art work or my diary. At various times I got birch bark and tucked it away in whichever lean-to I happened to be nearest. Whittling down bits of charcoal for my pencils, I wrote down the events of the day by the flare of the firelight at night.

I decided to go to Lost Pond early in the morning and sketch a bit of the country where

I had seen the deer, that second day in the forest. I did this, and drew the first of many birch-bark pictures I made while living close to nature in the wilderness.

That Friday night, while I was camping in my lean-to at Big Spencer Stream, I indulged in my first luxury — a smoke — the first and last while I was in the woods. Up to this time I had n't missed smoking so very much. I had too much else on my mind. I just did n't think of it.

Out of mere curiosity I scraped some squaw bark off of a bush, and, using some whitewood leaves as a wrapper, rolled a couple of cigarettes. Strange to say, so far as looks went, I noticed but little difference in these cigarettes from those I had always smoked so many of in the city.

With a live brand I lit one, not because I wanted to smoke particularly, but out of mere curiosity, as I had a few idle moments to spare. I wanted to see the smoke float up. I smoked them both and that was the end of it. I never tried it again. Not that they were n't good cigarettes, but I had no desire to smoke, living in the great outdoors.

There in the wilderness I became convinced that smoking is nothing but a luxury. It is

a habit, and harms rather than benefits man. Its companionship is n't worth the smoking.

How could I think of smoking while I was hunting food to keep away the pangs of hunger, or fire to keep me warm? Do you suppose the luxury of smoking came into my mind while I was running around in that spruce thicket those first two rainy nights? No, indeed! Smoking was the farthest from my thoughts.

By entering the woods I had deprived myself of every luxury. I knew it. I just forgot about that part of it as soon as I came under the shelter of the trees. I was proud to be able to deny myself, and, as a result, feel much stronger for it.

After smoking those two woodland cigarettes that Friday night, I realized what habit stood for in the world.

My not having cigarettes proved no great privation. They were n't meant to be had, there in the wilderness. They did n't fit the surroundings.

I had gone into the woods to see if a man could be self-sustaining, and get along without depending on civilization and his friends. Thus early I was satisfied that he could.

To the man who has smoked cigarettes incessantly for years, as I had, who is under the impression that he would experience physical harm by abruptly cutting off the stimulant, let me state that, while he will perhaps be nervous and irritable for a few days, he will gradually begin to feel better than he has for a long time, and be glad that he is rid of the habit. Leaving off the smoking did n't even make me irritable or nervous; I simply forgot it.

The morning after this cigarette dissipation was Saturday. I rose early and started along the natural game trails in the direction of Bear Mountain. On the way I saw a deer, whom I talked to. She was n't frightened, although only a little way behind me. Part of the time I did n't pay any attention to her. When I stopped, she would stop; and when I began to move, she also moved slowly on. This continued for quite a piece.

Finally I arrived on the south side of Bear Mountain, where I found a spring. A little higher up on the slope of the mountain was an ideal place for a camp. I decided to build a first-class home without delay. The spot was about four miles from my first lean-to, which I had constructed back in the

woods near Lost Pond. The other lean-to at Big Spencer Stream was only the roughest kind of a shelter.

At this Bear Mountain lean-to I hit upon a plan which would save me much bother at night. Up to now, during the night, when the weather was cold, I had been forced to move around and replenish my fire whenever it burnt low. Now it occurred to me to build a kind of skid leading down to the fire, on which I could pile small logs of wood in such a way that, when one log burnt out, it would release another log on the skid.

I made the slanting skid with sticks leaning from upright, crotched sticks, and, much to my delight, the scheme worked well.

One night, when I had piled the wood carelessly, the whole pile took fire. But in the long run the skid was a successful device.

I had spent nearly a whole week in the forest. I was perfectly well and fairly comfortable, though I still had no clothes of any kind.

More than anything else, I missed the sound of a human voice. However, my first Sunday, which would be the next day, was to bring me company.

REAR VIEW OF ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S LEAN-TOS IN THE BEAR MOUNTAIN COUNTRY.
FOUND AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY OUTSIDERS AFTER THE AUTHOR HAD LEFT

CHAPTER IV

THE RESCUE OF THE FAWN

Sunday in the forest is just the same as any other day.

On this first Sunday of my experiment I did one thing which I had not done before. When I remembered to make the day's mark on my calendar stick, instead of making a straight line beside the other six which marked the previous days, I scratched a cross like the Roman numeral ten. This cross signified that it was Sunday and the end of my first week.

As I made my way down to the spring early that morning I knew it was Sunday morning, and the thought came to me of how little churches would be needed if everyone knew and understood nature. Nature is, in truth, a religion in herself.

At the spring I took a long draft of water, and as I lay there drinking I caught sight of my image upon the mirror-like surface. I certainly was wild looking. I saw a naked man with disheveled hair and a scraggly

growth of beard. I wondered if my mother could have seen me just then whether she would have recognized me.

Everything was very still all about me. Occasionally the cry of a bird would be heard, but that was all.

While I had been a bit depressed the night before, a good rest had made my spirits rise again.

I scooped up handfuls of the water and dashed it over my face and body. It was deliciously cool, and brought a glow to my skin.

I felt strong enough to pull up a tree by the roots. I was far stronger than I was the day I entered the forest. Certainly the experiment was aiding me physically, thus far. I knew this by the way I felt. If a man is all right he feels all right. When he does n't feel just right there is some reason for it.

I went back to my lean-to, stirred up the fire, and sat there thinking for awhile. I was n't particularly hungry, so I did n't eat anything just then, although I had a plentiful supply of smoked trout and dried berries on hand.

I never had any regular time for meals. I just ate when I felt that I needed to eat.

By the light around me I could tell that it

must be a bit cloudy, though there among the thick trees I could not see the sky. I judged it to be about six o'clock.

The day before I had injured my foot slightly by stepping on a sharp piece of wood, which protruded from a fallen tree. There were still some unused strips of cedar bark in one side of my lean-to, so I made up my mind to try my hand at a pair of moccasins. Using the heaviest of the bark, I wove a sort of foot-covering. As I wove, I fitted them to my feet. I know I had a better fit than thousands of civilized women who walk about the city streets in shoes with high heels and pointed ends which squeeze their toes all out of shape.

For ties, I wove in strands of bark, which I tied over my instep. They were clumsy to walk in at first, but I soon got used to them, and they were a protection for my feet. I made several pairs.

While I was finishing off my first moccasins, I heard a rustle in the bushes down by the spring. I peered through the trees and saw a red deer going down to drink. I made a slight motion, and immediately her head shot up. She had seen me.

I watched her a moment, and then, as if not interested, I went on with my work. After

a short time I lifted my head and looked again toward the spring. She was still gazing straight at me, standing transfixed.

Then I beheld an interesting thing. Farther back, some distance in the open timber, was a white fawn, as immovable as her mother. The fawn was a little beauty. So still did she stand that she looked as if she were chiseled out of pure white marble.

I turned back to my work again, but I saw the red deer move slowly on to the spring. The little white fawn, however, did not budge.

As I looked again at the old doe, she scarcely paid any attention to me. She knew that I would not harm her. But the fawn was n't quite so sure.

"How are you this morning, old lady?" I shouted down to her. Up shot her head like a flash. The fawn wheeled about, and bounded back a few paces; then, seeing she was not pursued, turned again and became once more statuesque.

"You are n't scared of me, are you?" I went on. Then I turned away my head and made believe I was very busy. Presently the animal began drinking. Then she leisurely joined the fawn, and together they disappeared.

At almost exactly the same time the next

morning the pair appeared at the spring again. As before, the deer watched me closely for awhile, with one ear forward and the other backward. The white fawn kept closer to its mother to-day.

As the days went on, they came with marked regularity. And it got so I could walk about the camp and talk with them while they drank and fed around the spring.

They were great company! The white fawn was a beautiful creature. Such animals are freaks of nature, and are the most persecuted inhabitants of the forest. Their conspicuous color is a mark for every other animal of the woods, as well as for the hunter.

The regularity with which animals come to places like this is most remarkable.

In the days that followed, I had many interesting conversations with these woodland creatures. Even the white fawn had grown used to me.

There is something more to tell about these animals, but just at present I want to describe how I obtained a welcome change in my diet.

Monday it had rained, on and off; but Tuesday it began to clear and get colder. I left my lean-to early in the morning on another

exploring expedition. I followed the trail of least resistance, striking off occasionally into the tangles and deadfalls to cut off a bit, and then winding back to the same game trail, which I knew turned in that direction. When I say "I knew" I do not mean that I had seen it before. But I could tell when such a trail would swing to the right or left by the lay of the land.

Everything was wet about me. The woods were of a heavy, black growth. So thick were the trees that I could see but a short distance up the slope of the mountain on my left.

I made another turn in the trail, which led down a little incline toward another spring. I caught sight of a fox slinking off into the bushes just beyond the spring. I gave a little squeak to try to bring him back; but he was too far ahead. So I kept on down to the spring, where I rested on a fallen log.

I picked a spruce bud and began to chew it. I chewed buds and barks a great deal during my two months in the wilderness; and I feel sure that for this reason alone I was able to go for long periods without eating solid food. There is unquestionably a great deal of nourishment in these things. I chewed the

alder, cedar, maple, birch, and the bark of the mountain ash.

I also ate roots which were tender and palatable. Everyone knows what goldthread is. There was a lot of this in the woods. It is nourishing and healing for the mouth.

Sitting there on that fallen tree, I was suddenly aroused by another rustle in the leaves. It was a spruce partridge. I had seen partridges many times before.

I knew it would be easy to catch this bird. The spruce partridge is the tamest bird in the woods. It is easy to catch them. They seem so stupid that a man can nearly walk over them before they take flight.

While I realized the chances of going over and picking him up were remote, I knew of another almost sure way to get him. I made a slip-noose of cedar lining bark, attached this to the end of a stick, and cautiously approaching the tree on which the partridge was perched, I carefully held the noose out in front of him. He moved to one side, but made no effort to fly away. His curiosity was aroused, and he began to watch the noose intently.

As I brought it a little nearer, without the slightest hesitation the bird stretched his neck

forward and ran his head into the noose and was caught.

There is nothing new in this method. Every old woodsman and guide understands the process.

During the weeks that followed, I killed several partridges with my bow and arrow. I made some arrows out of hornbeam slivers. Then I ground some small stones into arrowheads, and lashed them on to the notches on the ends of the sticks with cedar strands.

On the other end of the arrow I put feathers from the blue heron. These feathers made the direction of the arrow true.

Altogether I got about ten birds during the experiment by means of the noose and my bow and arrow.

As soon as I got back to my Bear Mountain camp that night I got busy at once with my first partridge. I had n't eaten that day and was very hungry.

Since coming back to civilization, someone has asked me if I did n't have difficulty in picking the bird clean. I had to laugh at that. A partridge does n't have to be picked!

To prepare a partridge for roasting, all you have to do is to make three movements

THE DEER AND THE WHITE FAWN. A SKETCH MADE IN THE WOODS BY THE AUTHOR ON BIRCH BARK, WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

of the hand; in fact, one movement will do it. First, you take hold of the back and breast of the bird and tear it in two. In one hand you will find the breast and legs, and in the other a lot of skin and feathers. Pull the skin down over the body and throw it away. Having disposed of the back, head, and entrails, you will have left the legs and breast, ready for roasting.

After I had done this I raked over my fire, and placed the bird on a crotch stick to roast.

In spite of having no salt, that partridge tasted better by far than anything else I had had to eat in the woods.

I have mentioned the lack of salt several times already, but have n't gone into details about its not affecting me. I missed it, and missed it greatly, but purely from a palatable standpoint. The lack of it seemed to have absolutely no effect upon my physical condition. I did n't really need it. From what I observed, I should say that the use of salt is nothing more than a habit. It is used, in my opinion, not because the system needs it, but because it makes food taste better.

Animals, in their natural haunts, are forced to go without salt indefinitely. I believe their greediness, when they do find it in the salt-

licks, is due to the taste rather than to the actual need of it.

The eating of that partridge had put me in the mood for work. I took out some sheets of birch bark, and sitting there in the light of the fire began to write my diary, in which I jotted down interesting incidents of the day. Then I sketched a little forest scene on a piece of fungus, and afterwards the picture of a young doe I had seen jumping over a log.

I would have given a great deal to have my canvas and oil tubes. I missed them greatly. However, I could get along without them, for everything actually needed for art was right at hand there in the woods, if I would but go after it. I finally did hunt up some artists' materials; but this is for a later chapter.

The following day was Wednesday, the thirteenth of August, and my birthday. I shall never forget that day. It was one of the hardest of all I spent in the forest.

It was hard because of the memories that passed in endless array across my mind. With those pictures of my mother and my early life, which I have already told you about, came memories of other birthdays of recent years, when splendid suppers and jolly fellows had been all about me.

I don't suppose in the history of civilized man there was ever quite such a birthday. There was no one to speak to but the red deer with her little white fawn, and the other small animals which came near my lean-to in search of food.

I simply lost myself in that whirl of past recollections, and yearned for my folks, my friends, and the world.

A primitive man can be sentimental if he wishes to. Even if he had never had the outside world memories with which to make comparisons he would find much close to nature and in the hearts of animals to create that mood which has moved worlds.

Finding these thoughts were getting the best of me, I threw them off. The sun had arisen high in the heavens. It was time for me to be moving.

Armed with birch-bark reports and sketches I started for the cache on the outskirts of my domain, where I had made arrangements to leave such things for the outside world. This cache was known only to two guides, who came there once a week at sundown.

I always made it a point to visit the cache early in the day, so I would be far away by the time the guides arrived for the birch bark

I had left. The secret hiding place was located in the twisted roots of a blown-down spruce.

No message was ever put in for me. I had given orders to the guides not to do this, impressing upon them that anything whatever left for me would spoil my plan of keeping absolutely out of touch with civilization.

Some days I felt ready to come out and call everything off; but at those critical times something within me came to my rescue; and I continued to stay.

The nights which followed my trips to the cache were always hard for me. It was mental torment to remain there alone in the wilderness. The physical side was absolutely nothing.

The rest of that birthday was uneventful. I gathered some more berries, but saw nothing of particular interest.

In fact, there was nothing worth writing about until Friday — the fifteenth of August. On that morning, as usual, my friends, the red deer and the white fawn, had paid me their daily visit.

Soon after breakfast I went after some birch bark down at Spencer Lake. I had crossed the Spencer Trail and was following the western shore when I heard something ahead of

CACHE WHERE THE AUTHOR LEFT MESSAGES AND SKETCHES FOR THE OUTSIDE WORLD

me. Looking through the bushes I saw a deer and a fawn feeding.

I was just about to speak to them when I saw a wild-cat sneaking along a log which hung over the water. I stood still and watched. The cat was watching the deer, although evidently it did n't see me, for in a moment it backed down the log to the shore again and sneaked off through the bushes.

When I looked toward the place where the deer had been I discovered that they had gone. On my way I forgot about the incident.

Farther on my eye was attracted to a hawk which was flying in wide circles above the lake. The enormous bird would occasionally flap his great wings a few times, hang for a moment in midair, then sail around on motionless, outstretched wings. I thought of the aëroplane as the bird soared aloft.

All at once a scream — an unearthly scream behind me — brought down my attention from the skies. I never heard a scream like it before.

As I ran back in the direction of the sound, it came again, this time to my right. I turned and went in that direction. After a time I heard it once more, louder and more terrifying than before, and apparently on the left

side of me. There was something horrible about it!

Continuing to the left I found a spruce blow-down. I jumped upon the trunk, and walked along listening. I caught a sound from the foliage at the farther end.

Presently through the fallen tree-tops I saw two eyes. They disappeared in a second. Again I heard the rustle under the tree-tops lying on the ground, and jumping down I rushed around to one side. There lay the little fawn on its side, panting and bleeding.

As I drew nearer to help her to her feet the frightened creature staggered up and ran a few paces. But her strength was gone and she staggered and fell.

I looked around for the mother deer, but she was nowhere to be seen.

In a few seconds the little creature scrambled to her feet and staggered into the thicket.

I had arrived in time to see the wild-cat measuring the distance between the fawn and the thicket beyond.

Going on through the trees I reached the shore of Spencer again. The first thing that caught my eye there was the mother deer and the fawn swimming the narrows. They disappeared in the woods on the opposite shore.

CHAPTER V

TRAPPING A BEAR

That night it was colder than usual. I began to realize that, sooner or later, I would be forced to break the game laws and get some sort of skins for protection.

During the day, while I was on the move, I really didn't need anything on my body. In fact, through the entire trip, even up to the very last day, I went around the forest, rain or shine, absolutely naked. But at night I did need something for a covering.

It was also time for me to be thinking about what I should wear when I came back to civilization. I could scarcely return to the world naked! I thought of the deer I had obtained and then lost.

In my wanderings I had seen many signs of bears. Once, in the burnt lands, I saw three feeding on the berries, shortly after the deer episode.

A bearskin would mean much to me. Then, too, I could utilize the sinew and meat to good advantage.

A man little dreams what he can accomplish until he is put to the test. I fully believe that necessity, coupled with determination and confidence, makes failure impossible.

From the first moment the idea of getting a bear came into my head I felt confident I could trap one. I carefully went over in my mind various ways I might make the attempt, and when morning came I had my plan all mapped out.

I did n't even wait that day to see if my friends, the red deer and white fawn, would come to the spring. I was all bear now, and was anxious to get to work constructing a trap.

For over an hour I walked about searching for a suitable spot and finally found the right place.

A deadfall was impractical, so my plan was to build a combination pit and deadfall, much after the plan of the Indian way of trapping grizzly bears in the west.

Digging a pit meant a lot of work. I started in by loosening the ground with sharp pointed stones and hornbeam sticks. It was slow work, but I made some progress, scooping the earth out with flat shale from ledges.

I worked for several hours that day, return-

ing to my partially excavated hole the next day and again setting to work.

I don't know how many hours I worked on that pit; it might have been ten or fifteen during the two or three days I kept at it.

Once during the digging I thought I should have to give up that spot, for I came across some heavy rock and buried, petrified wood. It took the most arduous labor to dislodge that rock and chip my way through the wood until I found earth again.

At last the hole was large enough to hold a bear, being about three and a half or four feet deep.

I bedded two logs — one on each side — in the earth I had scooped from the hole.

I next made a kind of deadfall over the pit with logs and sticks, covering this with rocks I had taken out of the hole.

Then I set a spindle trip, which resembled the figure four, under the deadfall. This spindle I baited with stale fish. I arranged the bait quite high up so that the bear would have to stand on his hind legs to get it.

The trap was done at last, and I was pleased with it.

The covering loaded with rocks fitted securely just inside the bed logs. This would

make it impossible to move the top from side to side when once it was down.

I did n't get a bear that night, but the next night as I passed by the pit I thought I heard a rustle as if some animal were moving away from the trap. I did n't go any nearer, because through the trees I could just make out the slant of the roof. It had n't been sprung yet.

The next night I "looked" the trap and found a bear in it.

While I had been confident all along that I would be able to land a bear, there was more or less surprise attached to the capture of this one.

Coming up to the side of the pit I saw, through the roof-cover, a young bear, making every effort to get out.

"This is great luck," I said to myself. "Everything is coming my way." There would be the skin, and the meat, and I began to think of everything about the animal I could use.

I made up my mind that he must not get away from me. I can't describe to you my feelings just then. I imagine they were something like those of a miser when there is a possibility of his losing his gold.

At that time the bear was worth more to me than all the gold in the world.

Considering the situation carefully I found that I would have to break away some of the lashing in order to get at the animal. But I had to be careful not to break away too much, so I made an aperture just big enough for him to stick his head out.

Before doing this I got a hornbeam club, which I held in readiness.

Presently out came the nose of the bear. I made a vicious swing and missed him. My presence so enraged the animal that he struggled around trying frantically to escape. Again his head came up through the torn place in the cover, and this time I landed squarely on top of it!

But you can't kill a bear by hitting him over the head. You must strike him on the nose. I knew that, and just waited my chance.

As I looked down at him a feeling of pity came over me at the method I was forced to use. But how else could I do it? Pretty soon he stuck out his front paws. I swung and hit them. With a cry of pain he pulled them back.

Keeping my eyes on the bear every minute I backed away to a tree and broke off a small limb covered with leaves. Returning to the trap I tore away another lashing.

With my left hand I began to dangle the leaves on the end of the branch in his face, to divert his attention so that I could deliver a blow with the club.

In his anger a good part of his nose came out. I swung my club, landing on the side of the bear's nose. The animal toppled over in the pit and lay perfectly still.

Knowing bears of old I did not take any chances even then. I prodded him with the stick. There was no question about it — he was dead!

It had been pretty strenuous work, so I decided to put off the task of skinning the creature until the next day. I knew what that would mean without any knife! It would take me hours to complete the work.

Catching that bear was the biggest thing I had yet accomplished in the forest.

I think every man who has accomplished something a bit bigger than the ordinary things of his daily routine has a right to feel proud. It is a part of his reward.

However, there was a great deal of luck attached to my catching that bear. Anyway I had him, and I was pleased beyond measure.

The red deer and the little white fawn came up to my spring the next morning.

WILD-CAT WATCHING DEER AND FAWN. DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR IN THE WOODS ON BIRCH BARK, WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

By seven o'clock I was at the trap again. On the way I picked up the sharpest-edged rocks I could find, throwing away those I had as I came across better ones. These rocks are surprisingly sharp, and abound everywhere in this region.

I was ready for a hard day's work.

Pulling away the covering, I broke down the side of the pit and forced a couple of logs under the body of the bear, raising him slightly. I should estimate that he weighed close to two hundred pounds.

By getting a good hold and tugging and hauling I managed to drag him up the side of the pit I had just broken down. Then I rolled him over on his back. I would have given anything for a knife just then! In its place I took one of the sharp rocks and began sawing back and forth on the inside of one of his hind legs.

After a seemingly endless time the hair began to curl up under the rock. It worked hard at first, but by putting all my muscle back of it I finally broke the skin.

Not until later had I worked down the hind legs, up the stomach, and then up and down the inside of the front legs.

While it was a crude piece of work, the skin was now ready to be taken off.

I was tired after finishing this stunt. A few moments' rest and I was at work again. Then for hours I tugged and pulled at that skin trying to remove it from the carcass. Alternately working and resting for short periods, I took hold of the skin with one hand while I ripped it away from the flesh by scraping between the two with the sharpest stones I had.

Of course, quantities of meat came off with the skin, but that did n't bother me for I knew I could scrape it off later.

Not until late in the afternoon — judging by the sun — did I finally pull that skin entirely off. And I had started to work about seven that morning!

As Lost Pond was not very far from where I had made the trap I decided to go there, and afterwards to my first lean-to, which was in that vicinity.

First I sawed off with my rock a large portion of the bear meat for food, gathering the sinew. Slinging the meat and skin over my shoulder, I started for camp.

I confess I was pretty much "all in" when I arrived at the pond. My hands were cramped and scratched, and every muscle in my back and arms ached.

Throwing the skin and meat down on the shore I plunged into the water. The bath was very refreshing; it made a new man out of me. After I came out I lay down in the sun to rest.

The beavers were busy over on the dam, and I watched them a long time.

With visions of an early bed I went back into the woods in the direction of my lean-to, where I built a new fire and ate a supper of dried berries and smoked trout, which I had previously stored away for just such an emergency.

I slept soundly that night.

In the morning the first thing I determined to do was to get that skin into some sort of condition. I laid it out on some cedar logs and fleshed it clean, by scraping it off with rocks and pulling it over the logs.

Next I took a sheet of birch bark and made a water-tight dish. Filling this with water, I threw in some small pieces of rotten wood, and began to steep it over the fire. A birch-bark dish will never burn below the water line.

When the mixture had steeped enough I spread the bear-hide flat on the ground, with the hair side down, and poured the liquid from the birch-bark dish upon it. By repeating

this process several times the skin became tanned to a certain extent.

A thorough drying was needed now. I singled out two saplings about the proper distance apart, and, stretching the skin as much as I could, I laced it to the slender trunks with cedar bark.

I had yet to work the skin and make it pliable and soft.

Off and on I worked on that hide for about three days. During those days I walked back to the trap and brought the remainder of the meat to my camp.

Tearing with the grain, I ripped the meat into strips with my hands, roasting some for immediate use, and putting the rest in the smoke hole. I used quantities of dirty wood in this smoking process, as I could get up a lot of smoke that way. This smoked meat was n't particularly pleasing to look at, but it would keep and was nourishing.

While this was not the first time I had ever trapped a bear in my life, it was the first time I had ever eaten any of the meat.

In my years of experience as a guide I had hunted and trapped all kinds of game — animals and birds. But I had never eaten a pound of wild meat in my life, because I never

liked it particularly. In fact, I had never eaten much fresh meat.

Now I was compelled to eat it. I did n't relish it a bit; but, after I devoured some, I always felt stronger, and knew that it was just what I needed.

Aside from the comfort of having that bear-skin to throw over me at night, and the supply of food I had obtained, I had secured in the sinews of that creature a lasting cord for my fire-kindler. The inner lining bark of the cedar, while it had answered the purpose after a fashion, was not the best thing for sawing back and forth. It wore out too quickly.

With the sinew string I would not have to use any care for fear of its breaking. I could work the bow with all my strength, and the cord would not be affected in any way, producing the friction in much less time.

There is no known substance for sinew that can equal its toughness and lasting qualities. The Indians have a way of chewing it and stripping it into thin fibers, which they use as thread to sew moccasins and rawhide.

I had n't reached the sewing stage just yet.

Since I had trapped the bear something had been prowling around my camp at night. I could tell by the sound that it was n't a

very large animal, but as it kept coming I became curious to see what it might be.

First I thought that the meat in my lean-to might have attracted a wild-cat. Then the idea of a bear cub came into my mind.

Anyway, I was bound to find out just what it was, so one night, just before getting ready to turn in, I let my fire burn pretty low and sat up watching for some signs of the visitor.

On the other nights the sound of crackling twigs had always come just after my fire had burned out.

Scarcely had the last glimmer of my fire flickered away when, off in the darkness to my right, came the expected sound. I had almost dozed off as I sat there, but I woke up quickly and listened.

Straining my eyes in the direction of the noise I could barely make out the outline of some animal. It was impossible to tell what it was, but I knew it was dark colored.

As if suddenly switched on by an unseen electric current, two balls of light flashed in the darkness. The creature was looking at me too! The fire was between us, and as a lazy flame sputtered a moment before fading away I could see the reflection of the firelight dancing in those eyes!

Presently the eyes disappeared. I seized a smouldering brand, and, fanning it into flame, rushed toward the spot.

I was on the right track, sure enough, for I nearly fell over whatever it was. It was so slow in getting away that I managed to get it between the dying fire and me.

I was now convinced that the animal was a bear cub by the way it acted. Through the dim light from my brand, which was already burning low again, I saw that the creature was black. I could n't see clearly enough to determine the head and hind; but I felt sure that my company was a clumsy young bear.

My first thought was to catch him alive.

The little fellow made a sudden turn and almost dodged past me, but I hurled the brand at him and drove him back toward the fire. He was literally between two fires!

As the brand struck the ground it went out. With that the animal turned and ran directly toward me. Again he tried to rush by me, but I jumped in front of him and stopped him with my legs.

Then I jumped again, but in a different direction! My supposed bear cub had turned out to be a hedgehog, and for some moments I was fully occupied removing quills from

my legs. My bark chaps were ample protection against briers and brush, but not against quills of hedgehogs.

My third week in the wilderness was already drawing to a close. Physically I was perfectly well. I had plenty of food and a comfortable bearskin. But mentally I was suffering.

It was terribly lonesome!

CHAPTER VI

THE MENTAL VERSUS THE PHYSICAL

Since I have come back to civilization hundreds of people, with real sympathy in their voices, have said to me, "How you must have suffered!"

In every instance they referred to physical suffering. They imagined themselves out in the dark woods, alone, and cold, and without any clothing. They thought of eating nothing but berries and roots, and with fertile imaginations, colored up by extreme contrasts between wilderness life and the life of civilization, no doubt, conjured up quite terrible pictures in their minds.

They were all wrong.

I did not experience any physical suffering to speak of, though I did suffer greatly in another way. My suffering was purely mental and a hundredfold worse than any physical suffering I experienced.

Before I entered the forest I had never given a serious thought to the mental side of the

question. I wanted to get away from the sham side of modern life, and from people. I looked forward to being alone, where I could have a chance to think out various problems without interruption. It never occurred to me that I might be lonely.

In past years I had often been in the woods alone, though, to be sure, not for very long at a time. In those days the solitude would be broken by the appearance of some chance hunter, once in a while, and my talking with him would break the monotony until someone else came along.

But here alone in the wilderness day after day without the sound of a human voice, or the contact of a human being, and the knowledge that there would n't be either for two whole months, it was very different.

The complete isolation got on my nerves.

It was far harder for me than it was for the original primitive man. He not only had his own kind about him, but he knew nothing of any other life than the one he was leading. I always had a comparison before me.

The only thing which really puzzled me before I went into the woods was whether or not I could stand the cold without clothes. Afterwards this side of the question was a

mere nothing compared with the mental torment I had completely overlooked.

Every night at twilight my mind would begin tormenting me with memories. I used to force myself to fight off these moods by sketching with charcoal on birch bark and doing other things.

The torture always commenced with pictures of my friends and those I loved best coming into my mind. My heart was with them. I would dream of them as their faces rose before me in the firelight. When finally I dropped off into a troubled sleep, I would keep right on seeing them in my dreams.

Time and again those mental spells were almost too much for me. At those times I would vow that I would leave the forest on the very next day.

I remember, sitting there before my fire, more than once the human thought would come to me, "You are doing something that no other man has ever done." And like a schoolboy who has received one hundred per cent in his lessons I yearned for someone to tell me that I was doing well! This is somewhat of a confession, but it is true and I know the reader will understand.

When I made my bow out of a rude big

stick, and through the burning process worked out the weapon, I wanted to show it to someone and tell how I had made it with just fire and a stone.

Eventually I would always get back to normal by acknowledging to myself that any man with stuff in him could do everything I was doing. I certainly was n't going to confess to myself that I lacked "stuff!"

A man fears, above all else, being called a quitter. Through that fear he accomplishes things he never dreamed he could accomplish. Therefore, I maintain, that to a certain extent vanity and pride are good assets for a man to have.

Again and again the thought would come to me that some people who did n't understand anything about the woods would doubt some of the things I had done, simply because they had never heard of such things before. Folks never doubt the things they know about.

It was really nothing to get along in the woods. Everything I needed was there, and I knew how to get it.

I made no deliberate plan for my daily existence, but let each day take care of itself. I was simply a part of the forest, and as the forest thrived so did I.

DREAM PICTURE OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD. DRAWN IN THE WOODS BY THE AUTHOR ON BIRCH BARK, WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

My whole fight was to stay there alone in the wilderness two full months.

Once more I want to emphasize that the physical suffering was nothing.

Such a life as I led could have been duplicated by a child of ten of the primitive type. Eliminating the fear of the forest, even a modern child would not have suffered mentally as I did, for he would have had only the brain of a child and not the brain of a man.

Had I possessed the brain of an animal I could have lived far more contentedly than I did with my own civilized power of thinking.

An animal knows where and how to get sustenance in the woods. If a forest creature knows by instinct, could n't a human being with his higher intelligence learn? And if a human being lived on and on in the woods, would n't he be constantly learning more and more about them? In time would n't he eventually come to know what the animals know, and with his superior brains would n't he be master of all he surveyed?

So, you see, with that outside world continually coming back to haunt me I had a fight on my hands.

Time and time again I said to myself, "Here is a chance to show that you are a man."

Physically I was in the pink of condition, and I knew it. All I had to contend with was the mental side. Nothing in the forest was too difficult for me to endure.

I reasoned it all out this way. Any man, no matter what sort of a man, could go into the woods. Almost anyone could go through the process of removing his clothing. I knew that no one could freeze to death in the northern Maine woods in August or September. He would n't starve to death for three or four days, perhaps longer.

I figured out that all a man needed was to keep his head. Surely any man would know enough to hunt for a spring. Water alone would keep him alive for ten days. Even a child can pick berries, and it is not a very difficult problem to eat the berries one picks. Berries will sustain a man for a long time.

Now when night falls anyone knows enough to lie down if he is tired. If he is cold he will instinctively get up and run around to increase his circulation, which will soon make him warm again. He will not catch cold if he keeps going; in fact, he will unconsciously be putting himself in fine condition.

Of course, it required some ingenuity and exertion to get a fire and a skin for covering

and different kinds of food, but still all these were obtainable in the forest if one but went after them.

Thinking all this over in my mind I saw how comparatively simple the physical side of the experiment was.

It was far harder to obtain mental food and comfort. That was my battle.

I remember one night when I was in despair. I sat looking dejectedly into the fire, vowing fervently to myself — and I meant it just then — "This is my last night in this wilderness. I don't care if my time is n't up. Life is too short to be spent voluntarily suffering the way I am suffering." I was pessimistic about everything.

"All my life long I have tried to do the very best I knew how," I mused, "and it has not been appreciated."

There I was enveloping myself with self-pity — a wretched, human thing to do. I imagined people were laughing at me out there in the world and calling me a "crazy fool."

So far as I was concerned I had proved conclusively to myself that a man can exist in the wilderness alone, just as I had claimed he could before I went in. What was the use

of torturing myself any further to live out a certain time just because I had said I would?

I did n't care what the people said about my staying the full time out. To me that side was trivial compared to the fact that I had actually lived weeks as I promised I would live.

That night, which was shortly after I had trapped the bear, I made up my mind that I would go to King and Bartlett Camps and have the thing over the next day.

Then I began to wonder what the sportsmen would say. Here is what I could imagine I heard them shout: "You made a mighty good showing and we don't blame you for quitting before the two months were up!" They were bound to say that. Getting away from that "Quitting before the two months were up" was impossible out there in the civilized world. The world would never look at the value of what I had already proved by my life in the woods, but would grudgingly remember that I had quit before the stipulated time — although that extra time, which meant such mental suffering to me, would probably add nothing to the intrinsic value of the experiment.

Not what I had done but that I had quit

was bound to be foremost in the minds of everyone. In a way it would mean that I had failed to make good.

I did n't like that thought at all, and in an effort to get rid of it started on some arduous physical work. This always was a great help, and brought me back to a normal state of mind.

Day after day I would agree with myself to stick it out one day longer. Another night would come, with its terrible mental battle. "Just one more day," I would say again; and thus the days went slowly by.

Never before had I realized the wide gulf that lies between the primitive life our ancestors lived and the high plane of civilization reached by the world of to-day. The great complexity of modern life is best seen from the lowly state I was living in.

The biggest temptation I ever had in my whole life came on the morning of August twenty-eighth. I was on my way to the spring and had just stepped out of a clump of bushes when I saw a real live human being kneeling down to get a drink. It was a man! I was so amazed that I could n't move. I was just about to turn away and dash back into the timber when he looked up and saw me.

He jumped back a little and stood looking at me keenly.

Then the man said, "Hello, Joe," in a kind of hesitating manner.

I had never seen him before in my life and an almost overpowering desire came upon me to talk to him — just a word or two with another human being!

"It will be all off — it will be all off" kept singing through my brain. I stood there dumb for a second, then turned and went back into the woods. There I peered through the trees and watched the man go off to the left and disappear.

I never caught another glimpse of that man again until after I had come out of the forest. He proved to be a Maine guide. Afterwards he told me I was a wild-looking thing in my bronze skin and scraggly beard.

After seeing that one human being it was worse for me than ever. How much easier it was to find food, fire, and shelter than mental peace and contentment!

Since getting my bearskin I had become obsessed with the idea that the game wardens were on my trail, and I worked myself up into a bitter frame of mind concerning them. But I want to confine this particular phase of my mental suffering to another chapter.

After seeing the man at the spring I hurried back to my camp and made quick preparations for getting out of that part of the country. I put everything I had in my pack, including dried berries, smoked fish, and a quantity of smoked and dried meat. Then I rolled up my bearskin, placed it on top of the load, and started down the trail.

Fearing that the man might tell people he had seen me in that vicinity I left a note for visitors on a tree close by the lean-to, announcing that I should not return there.

Then with my head down I walked and walked for miles. I don't know exactly where I slept that night in the forest, but it was somewhere with my back against a tree.

The next day I threw up a shelter on the northwest side of Bear Mountain, which I used as a sort of headquarters for awhile.

Constantly being obliged to wage battles with myself there in the wilderness has meant big things for me, which I keenly realize now that it is all over. It opened a new line of thought I had never followed before.

Among other reflections alone in the woods I thought how sympathy was wasted out in the civilized world, especially in regard to the

so-called poorer class. I made up my mind that it is the middle class that suffers most. The middle-class family that experiences reverses has a comparison of living — just as I had in the forest — which makes it harder to bear.

Those who have known nothing but poverty all their lives do not have this comparison, for they never had anything to lose. Yet nine-tenths of human sympathy goes their way simply because the human being in comfortable circumstances allows himself to judge the man and woman living in poverty from his own plane.

This thought led me on to admitting that there is more real contentment in some hovels of the very poor than there is in some of the homes of the wealthy.

If I could have had just one human companion in the wilderness I would have been perfectly contented away from the luxury of the world. Human companionship is the greatest luxury I know of.

My mind was starving!

I began to wander farther from my lean-to, leaving it for whole days.

On rainy nights I crept into some thicket to rest, while on fair ones I would pick out

some tree and curl up on the ground close to the trunk.

Every day I would say, "I'll stick it out just for to-day."

Twice along the trails I had come upon the carcass of a deer, which, in each instance, had evidently been killed by wild-cats. But in both cases the skin was so badly decomposed that it was impossible to use any of it.

A short time later I passed the body of a deer still warm. A cat must have killed it just as I approached, and was possibly hiding near me in the thicket.

Here was an unexpected find! While it was a small deer it offered some sort of a skin, and every bit would help me now.

I hunted around for the wild-cat but it was nowhere to be seen.

Then I began to search for rocks with which to skin the animal, and presently finding some I commenced to work.

Skinning a deer is a very different proposition from skinning a bear. Breaking the skin is not so difficult, and when once it is broken it peels off very easily.

After completing the task, I cut off what venison I needed and hunted for a place to camp. I really dreaded the night now; it

brought too many thought-pictures of the outside world with it.

I camped under the shelter of a big spruce blowdown that night. Having an extra skin and a fresh supply of meat helped me to decide to stick it out a little longer, which I did before I fell asleep.

CHAPTER VII

WILDERNESS NEIGHBORS

While I always had an inherent love for wild animals my contact with them during my two months alone in the wilderness has made me love them even more.

I was, in truth, one of them. They were my neighbors, my companions, my friends. Their proximity meant much to me, especially at the times when I was most depressed. I even talked with them, and, in their own way, they talked back to me.

I felt confident that in six months' time every creature in that particular part of the wilderness would have known me and become friendly.

There is a great deal to be learned from animals. Discontentment is unknown among them. They are individually free, go when and where they please, and do whatever they wish to do.

Discontent in me had come as one of the results of a civilized life.

Men and women of the world are nothing

but animals called human beings — a polite name, that is all. Fundamentally they are no different from the animals that roam the woods.

I felt myself very close to these wild creatures. I understood them because I was living among them, and had lived among them before.

Whenever I chanced to come across a deer on one of the trails, that deer knew instinctively the moment she saw me whether or not I had an idea of doing her harm. She understood me very quickly, and I understood her. That is why the red deer and the little white fawn that came to my spring every morning were such good friends of mine.

There is n't an animal in the forest that does n't want to make friends with man!

I had a flock of partridges in the woods so tame that two of them would actually follow behind me on the trail. I used to laugh at them. They were jealous for fear one would get nearer to me than the other. Whenever one would come quite close to me the other would peck at him and drive him back.

One morning I came across four or five of these birds on the lower limb of a tree. As I went closer and began talking to them

they daintily sidestepped on that limb for all the world like a lot of coquettish young women.

Finally it got so I could put my hand out and touch them. They knew that I would n't hurt them. Under such conditions I never caught a partridge; it would have been a breach of confidence.

When I needed a bird for food I went hunting for one, but in such instances I never made the bird feel that I was friendly.

Those partridges I was speaking about on the lower limb of that tree wanted me to touch them. They would playfully peck at my hand and dance coyly along the branch in a kind of teasing way, exactly as a woman says "no" when she means "yes."

As to the deer — they will get so tame that they will come right up to your lean-to and eat out of your hand. You cannot tame deer by going to them. Arouse their curiosity, and show that you will not harm them. While they are still curious they will never forget you. They see and smell you, and their curiosity will bring them back.

You don't have to go near any wild or domestic animal to tame it. It will come to you and live with you and sleep with you. All

you have to do is simply to conceal your own curiosity.

Whenever you see a wild animal in the woods go toward him carelessly. Let the creature know that you have seen him, and then suddenly change your course or do something to show that you aren't apparently interested in him. Pay absolutely no attention to him. He knows that you saw him and yet went about your own business without offering to harm him. That animal will never forget you.

It is not man that the wild animal is afraid of, but the human scent. If a deer, for instance, sees a man standing still in the forest, and the wind is blowing in the wrong way for him to catch the scent, he thinks the man is a part of the forest just like a log or a tree; but the minute he catches the scent he is on the alert. Perhaps in his own life the human scent has meant danger to him. On the other hand, while it may never have bothered him, the human scent may have meant injury to some of his forbears and so he naturally inherits the instinctive fear.

However, in that scent, the animal can analyze the man. He can instinctively read a man's character by his smell. This is the

reason why a deer will fly from one person the moment he gets his scent, while he will stand by and watch out of curiosity another man who means him no harm.

I greatly deplore the wrong teachings about the woods and animals given the child of to-day. True, the popular fairy tale develops the imagination along certain lines, but this imagination does more harm than good where nature is concerned in such stories.

In fairy tales the woods are always deep, dark forests. Giants and witches live there. The child learns to fear the woods, especially at night.

The average young child who heard a hoot-owl screech from the depths of a dark forest would shriek with terror. To him the sound would mean witches and goblins and gnomes and other horrible things. In reality that poor little hoot-owl would only be predicting the coming of a storm!

After a child gets through hearing stories out of animal books he will cry out, "Don't go into the woods. There's probably a wild-cat up in a tree and he'll pounce down on you!" — the one idea left in his mind being fear.

Nature is the source from which we live and move and have our very being. Liberty

is the foundation of good government. Yet it is as important that the child be taught to know and value nature as it is that he memorize the national anthem of his country and pledge allegiance to the flag.

Nowhere does liberty exist so strongly as among the animals and in the heart of nature. From wilderness life to the simple country life, and then up through the life of a great city liberty gradually decreases.

> "At gold's superior charm all freedom flies,
> The needy sell it and the rich man buys."

The top-notch of society has the least liberty in the world, being bound hand and foot to a rigid social code.

Instead of frightening a child with visions of giants, why not tell him that there is not an animal in the north woods that will voluntarily attack him? Of course a bear with a cub will attack a man if she is molested; if let alone she will run away in peace.

Deer and moose never fight unless cornered. Even the wild-cat will slink away to the underbrush at the sound of a man's footfall. A hunger-enraged wolf will never dare approach a fire. Fire is protection from any animal.

All kinds of dogs will come up to me. They

THE LITTLE FAWN. DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR IN THE WOODS ON BIRCH BARK, WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

seem to know instinctively that I am their friend. I don't care how cross a dog is, I can readily make friends with him.

There is an interesting thing about a cross dog. Someone tells someone else that a man named Smith has a cross dog. When that someone else passes Smith's house the dog comes out and barks at him and he immediately becomes terror-stricken. If the man had felt no fear, and paid no attention to him, that dog would have stopped barking. The mere ignoring of the animal would have created an abnormal curiosity in his dog-mind and he would have begun to sniff around the man's legs.

Even then, if I were that man, I would not have talked to that dog. I would have been absolutely indifferent toward him, and he would immediately have realized that I was his master.

Don't think for a moment that you can say to any ugly dog "Nice doggy" in a voice that is quavering with fear and get away with it! The dog won't pay any attention to the "nice doggy" part, but he will scent that fear.

There was one saucy chipmunk that used to come and visit me daily at my Bear Mountain lean-to. He would chatter with me, fill his chops with bits of food, and scurry away to bury them. Sometimes he would come

around three or four times a day. He paid no more attention to me, as far as being afraid of me was concerned, than as if I were not there.

One day, while I was cooking some trout, I heard an awful disturbance around the back of my lean-to. I investigated, and found a furious battle going on between a red squirrel and my friend the chipmunk. The big red squirrel had trespassed on the chipmunk's stamping ground, and, of course, that would never do. It was a dreadful fight for little fellows to be engaged in. Around and around they tore, through the leaves, under the tangle, over fallen trunks, up the trees and down again. Occasionally they came together, and then nothing could be seen but one flying ball of fur. Getting apart again, they would rest a second, panting, before resuming the contest.

Swish! They were at it again, and another wild scene would be repeated. In the end that spunky little chipmunk actually beat the red squirrel and drove him off!

After that the red squirrel used to come around every day, and from a distance would scream and scold at the chipmunk — (the red squirrel has a sort of bark). Then he would see me and begin to bark at me because he knew I was friendly with the chip-

munk. At this the chipmunk came right up to me and began to play around my feet, though I had never attempted to make friends with him. He made friends with me.

I knew what went on in the minds of these little animals.

An incident comes to my mind which happened in this very country, a bit farther north, during my early trapping days.

One spring morning, some years ago, another trapper and I had our breakfast on the slope of a mountainside. We were discussing the day's work ahead of us.

After the meal he gave me a big steel bear trap and told me to take it along a certain trail leading south until I came to a big ledge. Then he directed me to go up on to this ledge and look to the west. "There you will see a big oak tree that you can't miss," he said, "and at the foot of that tree you will find a bear house. That is where you will set your trap."

I walked briskly along and presently came to the ledge he had spoken of. I climbed to the top, and, sure enough, there was the oak tree all right. I discovered the bear house, and starting toward it I beheld a spike-horn moose standing twenty feet away, headed in

my direction. He was looking straight at me and never moved. I too stood perfectly still. I could see that the old fellow was puzzling his head. He was wondering about me. He waited for me to do something. Both of his ears were pointed toward me. After a few moments, he moved one of his ears backward and listened for sounds behind him.

Up to this time I had not moved. Presently I noticed that he moved his head a little and threw back both ears. He was saying to himself, "I don't feel very comfortable here. This thing I see over there is an uncertainty." Still there was not much fear in that moose's heart; I had not moved.

It was interesting to watch him. I thought, "I wonder how near I can get to him before he moves away."

In a flash that moose knew what I was thinking of. He knew I was getting ready to do something. Yet I had n't moved. He did n't know what I was going to do but he waited to see.

Keeping my eye on him I carefully reached up to my shoulder and lifted off the trap chain. Still very cautiously I lowered the trap to the ledge beside me, but I did not move my feet or change my position.

The moose had seen me do this, but he was not quite sure whether I had moved or not and was waiting there to see.

Suddenly I made a quick bolt at him, and actually got within ten feet of him before he bounded off in another direction. I kept right after him at top speed and held my own. He was headed for the burnt lands.

Plunging into a tangle his legs became caught and he was held fast. He was at my mercy. However, he did n't fear me in the slightest. He was ready to fight. The bristles on his back stood up as a kind of challenge. He made no effort to untangle himself, but just stood there and waited.

I talked with him awhile and walked around him. I could see that he expected I was going to do something unlooked for. I kept on talking to him, turning my head away from time to time and pretending to busy myself with something else.

I could see the disposition of that moose change toward me. The bristles on his back began to go down. He probably said to himself; "This is a funny fellow. He chases me way out here, and then, when he has me caught, he does n't do a thing but stand there and talk to me!"

Then he began to pull his forelegs out of the tangle. When he got free he turned around and looked at me. I could see that I was a mystery to him. He didn't know what to make of me.

Then he sauntered off as leisurely as if I had been nowhere around, stopping every few paces to gaze back at me. The foremost thought in that animal's mind was, "I can't fathom that!" All the way, until he disappeared in the direction of the burnt lands, that moose turned around to watch me as I stood there. Even after he had passed out of my sight I'll wager he watched for some little time through the trees.

As in this instance of the moose, the thoughts of all other animals of the forest are easy to understand. The human being has the advantage because of his better developed brain. The man reasons logically; the animal instinctively.

Without the slightest question the most interesting of all animals is the beaver. During my isolation I spent many hours watching these busybodies at work. Their constant industry and power to work without the slightest waste are an inspiration.

The beaver pond that I saw had once been

nothing but a mountain stream. It was now a broad sheet of water and rightfully belonged to the beavers.

Each year as their numbers increased they built their dam higher and stronger, so that it flooded more timberland. Thus these creatures had spread their field of operation, so that they would not have so far to drag their cuttings to the water.

The beaver dam is everlasting. It stands for all time, growing stronger each year with the growth of vegetation planted by the seeds that are washed down in the current. Many ponds owe their origin to the beaver.

So well done is the dam of the beavers' building that lumbermen require dynamite to blow out one of them to make a passage for their logs.

As there is a limit to all things so there is a limit to the height of a beaver dam and the spreading surface of the water. When this point is reached, and the feed-wood is growing scarce along the banks, the beavers begin to migrate and leave their houses along the shore empty.

Beavers travel in pairs, male and female together, each pair going in different directions over the mountainsides into the valleys. Here

they start operations for themselves by constructing dams across a stream or an outlet, or some spring in a country where wood is plentiful.

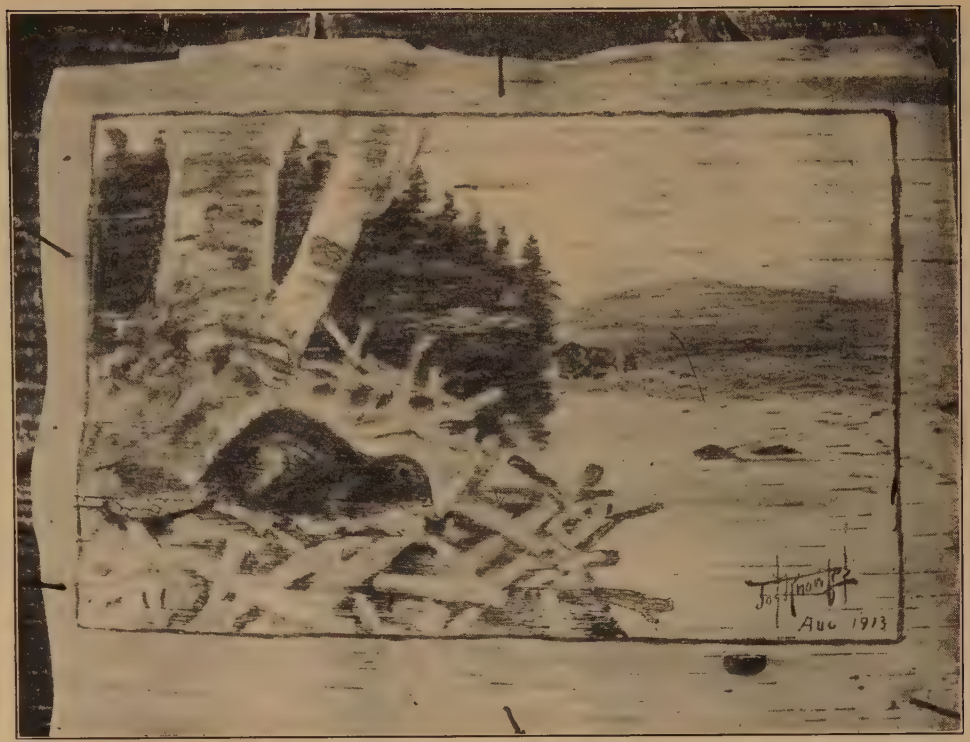
When no beavers remain to keep a dam in repair the water settles in abandoned beaver ponds, and their drag roads become game trails. In summer the deer and the moose come down these trails to feed on the tender bottom-grass.

The beaver is intelligent and labor-saving. His system is equal to that of any human being. With him there is no waste of material or time, and, with the aid of nature, his work is always well done. From his first stick of feed-wood on, everything counts.

He cuts down his tree with his sharp teeth, drags it to the water's edge, and peels it. Usually he selects trees from one to three inches in diameter, on the bank of his pond or stream above the dam. These he cuts into lengths of from four to eight feet.

The beaver likes poplar best of all. After eating the bark he allows the peeled sticks to float downstream where they lodge on the dam. There they remain ready for use in repairing the dam or in building the beaver's house.

Feed-wood will not float with the bark on. That is why beaver dams and houses are built



BEAVER AT WORK. DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR IN THE WOODS ON BIRCH BARK, WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

of peeled sticks. Chinked with moss and stones both are firm and waterproof.

When the time comes that the beaver must lay in his winter supply of food and bedding, he begins to cut such wood as he is able to handle and carry it to the water's edge. Holding the butt of the stick to keep it from sinking he swims to the entrance of his house.

Diving into the water, the beaver then makes the butt secure in the muddy bottom, leaving the stick in an upright position with a portion protruding just above the water line. Stick after stick is deposited until the winter supply of feed-wood with bark and limbs is securely fastened in the mud, within easy reaching distance from the entrance of his house, which is under water.

When the cold weather comes the sticks are made more secure than ever as they are frozen in solid. Then the feeding from this storehouse begins. The beaver dives from the entrance of his house, swimming under the ice to his source of supply, where he cuts off a stick of feed-wood and returns to the house with it. After the bark is consumed for food, the stick is chewed into shreds like excelsior and used to make a nest for the family.

The beaver house is most interesting. It

is shaped like a beehive, with an airhole at the top, and is built on the shore with the entrance under water. Some of these houses have two or three stories, one on top of the other, the whole accommodating as many as ten beavers.

Now among the beavers there are some who do not work. They are called "bank beavers," or "bankers." They live in the waters backed up by the dams of the workers, never doing anything themselves, and feeding upon the bark of woods that others cut. They never drag any wood for their own use. In winter, when ponds and streams are sealed with ice, they steal their food from the storehouse of the workers. These "bankers" are always sleek, fat, well furred, and usually larger than the industrious beavers. The two never associate. This "banker," who is not self-sustaining, is not unlike one who leans wholly on others in human life.

That afternoon, while I was watching the beavers after I had skinned my bear, I remembered how once, years before, I had been forced to sleep in a beaver's house. At the time I had been in the woods for weeks trapping, and was overtaken by a heavy snowstorm. Being far from camp, I knew that I must find some sort of a shelter at once. I was close to a beaver

pond, and the sight of an abandoned beaver house gave me an idea.

Not caring to use the front door, which was under water, I made an opening through the top, leaving a space for me to crawl in, and piled on some rough boughs and sticks for a roof. Once inside, I pulled the covering together securely and made myself comfortable for the night.

Just as I had utilized the home of an animal in that blizzard, so did a black snake take advantage of my Bear Mountain lean-to one night during my primitive life in the forest.

Waking up one morning I felt something strange snuggled up close to my chin. Sitting up quickly caused a coiled black snake to slide from my breast down to the ground beside me. I should say he was about two and a half feet long. Evidently he was cold and had crawled in close to my sleeping body to get warm; I guess he had, for he wriggled away lively enough!

During my entire two months I saw but few snakes. There are no rattlers in that part of the country, and the few other species are generally harmless. I saw the garter, the green, and the black snake, among others.

People have asked me since my return why I

did n't get some fox skins. In the first place I did n't absolutely need their skins, and, though I had already been obliged to break the game laws, I never did so unless impelled by dire necessity.

I saw a red fox one morning, however, nosing around down by the spring. He did n't see me, so I made up my mind to have some fun with him. I commenced to squeak like a mouse. Raising his head quickly, he immediately began to creep toward the sound, with both ears alert for another squeak. I squeaked again and on he came. Then suddenly he saw me move, and away he scudded into the bushes!

I always have to laugh when these animals answer a squeak. Even standing out on a frozen pond in the open you can squeak a fox very close to you if you keep perfectly still. Like other inhabitants of the woods, unless he gets your scent he will take you for a stump or other part of the surroundings until you make a movement.

Had I had an "at home" there in the wilderness invitations would have been forwarded to the moose, deer, beaver, bear, wild-cat, otter, mink, squirrel, fox, rabbit, partridge, chipmunk, blue heron, loon, wild goose, wild duck, and

hoot-owl — for they were all my neighbors and friends.

As to the moose — I saw only three in my domain, where ten years ago I would have seen at least fifty in two months' time! I have a story about two of these three moose.

CHAPTER VIII

FEVER AND THE BATTLE OF THE MOOSE

Sleeping with one's back against the roots of a spruce blowdown in fair weather is not the worst thing in the world; but that morning when I awoke in the wilderness — the day after I had found the deer killed by the wildcat — it was raining hard. The rain awakened me, and I was n't particularly comfortable. Then, too, that mood of utter dejection was still hanging over me, which did n't help matters in the slightest.

Digging down into my pack I found some dried raspberries, of which I ate sparingly.

After breakfast I packed up my small deerskin and bearskin and started off again along the natural game trail. I did n't select any special direction, but after walking for some time I saw that I was headed for what is known as the Horseshoe Country.

This morning the feeling within me to give up the experiment was stronger than ever. I hated the woods, the world, and myself.

I walked on for miles, going wherever the path took me, until well into the afternoon, when I suddenly perceived that I was pretty well into a swamp. Desirous of getting as far away as possible I had n't noticed where the trail was leading me.

Thinking I could get through the bog all right I kept straight ahead; but my progress was so slow that I realized that darkness would soon overtake me.

Night came on with a rush. I decided to pick out the driest place I could find and camp there for the night; but with the soggy condition of the ground itself and the rain that was still falling it was impossible to find a dry spot.

I attempted to make a fire, but after a quarter of an hour of the most discouraging work I had to give it up.

By this time it was very dark, and I saw that something must be done. I could n't stand there all night, neither could I rest on that soaking ground, so I started blindly through the tangles, sinking down into the mud and water at every other step.

My pack hampered me greatly and I saw that I must get rid of it. I swung it off my back and hung it on to the limb of a dead cedar, and proceeded to spot the trail by breaking over

limbs and underbrush. At daylight I planned to come back for my pack, because everything I possessed in the world just then was contained in it.

On I went once more. I had an idea in my head that I must be close to the edge of the swamp, and so I struggled on instead of going back. It seemed as if, with every step, the footing became worse. It was laborious work. My feet would sink 'way down in the mud, so that when I drew them up it seemed as if there were weights attached to each foot.

Time and again I would run into fallen timber and be forced to crawl under it. I didn't care to take the chance of stepping over it, for I was in my bare feet and was afraid of slipping.

It began to get cold now and I realized how foolish I had been to leave that bearskin behind. I was naked. For the first time since entering the wilderness I was really suffering physically. Above all else I wanted a solid place to put my feet. Dragging them in and out of the mire was exhausting and I was getting very tired.

I hadn't noticed it before, but it had stopped raining. The heavy clouds which had made it so dark in the swamp began to break away and occasionally the moon peeked out, weirdly outlining the fallen timber and tangle about me.

But it was better than inky blackness, and I stumbled ahead. Then a cloud would obliterate the face of the moon, leaving me in total darkness again. A cold damp wind swept through the bog, chilling me through and through. If I could have run I wouldn't have minded it.

Once when the moon came out again I saw some kind of a clearing in front of me. In the distance I could just make out the outline of higher land against the sky. With this goal in sight I increased my weary efforts.

I had nearly reached the center of this opening on the dead cedars which were half buried in the grass and mud when I discovered in my path a dead stream. I followed along the mud-sogged bank, searching for a fallen tree where I might cross. Finally I found one, and was mighty thankful for it, as the footing was getting almost impossible. Carefully I began to walk over that fallen tree, and treacherous footing it was, for the bark was as slippery as glass. I curled up my toes like a monkey to get a better hold, hoping that the moon would light my way until I got to the other side. But luck was not with me that night, for no sooner did hope of the moon enter my head than a black shadow fell across my path. Inky

blackness again settled down over the wilderness, leaving me helpless.

I tried to stand perfectly still to get my bearings, but suddenly the bark under my feet seemed to slip and I was thrown into the mud and water below. I remember, as I rose to my knees, I felt as if I did n't care what happened. I was weary in body and mind, but I kept on struggling.

It took every ounce of strength I had left to get my legs out of the mud and crawl back on to the log. I waited for the moon again, but it did n't appear, so I commenced to crawl along on my hands and knees to the other end of the log.

Finally I reached the other side. Over there, what was my dismay to find that the mud was even worse. Then I discovered that I was on a floating bog! I knew it would be useless to go on, so I again crawled back over the log. Struggling back to the big bog I had just left I found a place under some scrub spruce and cedars where I waited for the morning light.

It was the longest night I ever spent, and when morning finally dawned I was — to use a familiar expression — "all in."

The mere realization that I could move myself around without fear of tripping over

some fallen tree gave me courage to go back through the swamp in search of my pack. After a short tramp through the mud I came upon signs of my spotted trail, and presently found the dead cedar on which it hung.

That night found me with a good fire in my lean-to on the northwest side of Bear Mountain. More from exhaustion than anything else I dropped into a deep sleep, but it was not a restful one.

I awoke in the darkness, burning up with heat. I threw my bearskin covering to one side for relief. My head was splitting. I was sick. I began to have chills and I reached for my bearskin and threw it over me. Then I felt as if I were on fire again.

"It's all off now, for sure," I muttered to myself. "I'll make a try to get to King and Bartlett's in the morning."

All the rest of the night I thrashed around on my bed of moss and boughs.

I began to wonder if I was going to lose my mind.

When daylight came at last, I tried to get up. I felt light-headed, and my head ached dreadfully.

Aching all over I finally gathered myself together and made my way down the trail

in the direction of King and Bartlett's. I was going out of the wilderness; I had fully determined upon that.

I would walk a little distance, and then, feeling too badly to go on, would sit down with my back against a tree to rest. It did n't seem as if I could go very much farther.

The thought came confusedly into my mind that it was September. Anyway, I had stayed until September!

Presently I started off again. I could not see very clearly. Nevertheless I could hear perfectly well, for the next moment I heard an awful racket off the trail to my left.

Curiosity cleared my brain, and temporarily I forgot my own condition. There was a fallen tree just ahead, which I walked up to and then stopped, for just a little way beyond a crotch-horn moose and a big bull moose were engaged in a terrific struggle.

Watching them draw apart, only to come together again with mighty impact, smashing the branches of the trees and tearing up the underbrush, the excitement made me completely forget myself.

That was the most terrible battle I ever saw between animals in the forest. Evidently they had been fighting for some time, for

they were bleeding badly and breathing heavily.

The last charge had resulted in a clinch, and already the big bull moose was drawing back for another rush. Lowering his head he made a savage plunge. The younger moose cleverly sidestepped the attack, and as the big animal crashed by he drove his sharp spikes into his neck with fearful force.

Down they went to the ground together.

Being the more active, the young moose recovered his footing first, striking out savagely with his forefeet at his rising foe. Then the big bull staggered to his feet. A huge gash in his neck showed red. With shaggy mane bristling and lowered head, he prepared for another charge.

The young moose was apparently fighting on the defensive. He evaded rush after rush and retaliated with hoofs and horns, tearing gash after gash in the head and body of his aggressive enemy.

Sometimes it was a running fight. At others, they would rear on their hind legs, fall into a clinch, lock horns and during the struggle continually surge against the saplings and dry cedars, breaking them down with a crash and tearing up the ground around them.

I think in an affair of this kind it is natural for any man to take sides. I took sides with the young moose. The big bull was forcing the fight, and I hoped to see him beaten.

They paid no attention to me, however, and once even came within twenty feet of where I was standing.

After awhile the big fellow got the crotch-horn down, and began to gore his side frightfully. I yelled, and, picking up a club, hurled it at the bull. He threw up his head, panting, and stood looking straight at me.

In an instant the young moose was on its feet and away. Then the big moose whirled about and followed after him.

Completely forgetting my sickness, I threw down my pack and went after them. At first I thought they were running away from me, but just then the crotch-horn dashed into a thicket of saplings through which the big bull tried to follow. The trees, however, were not spread wide enough apart to admit the broad antlers, and so the big fellow was hung up in fine style.

Then you should have seen that young moose! He turned like a flash, rushed back with lowered head, and thrashed that big bull in terrible fashion. It gouged him again

THE BATTLE OF THE MOOSE. SKETCH MADE BY THE AUTHOR IN THE WOODS ON BIRCH BARK, WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

and again, besides drawing fresh blood with his hoofs. Rising on his hind legs he would strike with all his strength with his front feet.

The repeated blows staggered the big moose and he fought frantically to free himself. This he managed to do after a time, and bellowing at the top of his lungs he made for the young moose, who sidestepped and dashed away again.

The crotch-horn was foxy, for he would choose the narrow places, thus constantly slowing up the big bull. So the nimble one got quite a ways ahead for a start.

Presently they disappeared off through the trees, going in a different direction from the one I was traveling; so I turned back toward the game trail.

About an hour afterwards I caught sight of that young moose some distance ahead of me, walking off into the woods. He was sauntering along as independent as could be. The big bull was nowhere to be seen. I honestly believe that the two had come together again in a battle to the death, and that the young one had conquered.

With the excitement over, the effects of the fever — for it was a fever — returned. I lay down by the side of the trail and tried to sleep, but I could not, though I did n't feel cold.

I got to my feet again, feeling so badly that I thought I was going to lose my head.

The idea of my leaving the woods did not enter my mind just then. I said to myself, "I will go down near the camps so that if I do go out of my head they will find me, sooner or later, and take care of me." I reasoned also that if I found myself getting worse and was in the proximity of the camp, I might have strength enough left to find my own way there.

It was a long journey, and I don't remember a good part of it. However, as I neared the camp, my mood changed somewhat. Somehow I didn't quite want to give the experiment up, and yet at the same time I did. I was pretty close to the camp, and occasionally could hear voices; but I was well out of sight.

Resolving to try and stick it out a little longer, I lay down and tried to sleep again. I became dazed and did n't seem to want to move.

Then darkness descended.

The first thing I remembered after that was hearing a little noise close beside me on the trail. I made no effort to see what it was. I was too sick to care.

Presently I felt some animal sniffing me over. It was a dog! Had it been a man I should have spoken to him. It was an Airedale terrier,

belonging to Harry Pierce of the King and Bartlett Camps.

The dog remembered me. He was tickled to death to see me. I spoke to him and he could n't get close enough to me. In his enthusiasm he sprawled all over me.

After the preliminary greeting the dog became quiet, and lay down beside me with his back against the bearskin.

Then I fell asleep. I must have slept well, for when I awoke my headache had disappeared. So had the dog. I felt better in every way. I could see things from the right point of view.

After moving around a bit, I said to myself, "I guess I won't give up to-day."

Presently the dog came trotting along down the trail again. I talked with him for awhile, and then turned back into the woods. I walked on and on until I came to the side of Black Nubble. Evidently the dog had gone back to the camp.

On the slope of Black Nubble I threw up a little shelter, and all day long I lay around there.

The next day I felt a great deal better, so much so in fact that I did n't entertain an idea of giving the experiment up. Early in the morning I headed for the Horseshoe Country again.

That fever was my only sickness during the entire two months. I took no barks or medicines I might have thought of in the forest, for I considered that the fresh air, which is always laden with health-giving properties, was sufficient. It proved to be.

The civilized world is inclined, I believe, to be medicine mad.

In the event of a severe headache the general tendency of the civilized man or woman is to go to bed, if possible, rather than to go out into God's fresh sunshine and air.

Instead of permitting nature to be the doctor, free of charge, they immediately send for the human doctor.

In nine cases out of ten where minor ailments are concerned the mere idea that a doctor has been in attendance is the basis of the cures rather than the cures actually coming from the medicine itself. Physicians are far more successful in effecting cures with sympathy than they are with medicine.

Women especially are constantly visiting their doctors for nothing more than sympathy when very little really ails them.

The great outdoors with its woods and sea and sunshine and fresh air is the real road to health. Nature is indeed the great physician.

The mere fact that countless advertisements of patent medicines are constantly appearing in the newspapers all over the country proves that the people are still using such concoctions in large quantities. The patent-medicine companies are not paying for advertising for the fun of it; these advertisements bring in the business.

It would seem, therefore, with this constant flood of worthless, so-called medicine pouring into our social life that something is wrong with our living.

There is n't a countryside in all New England but where, from a railroad window, you can see some old barn — and usually every old barn in sight — painted black, with blood purifiers and liver cures advertised thereon in mammoth letters of blazing red and gold.

The systematic outdoor life is a sure safeguard against disease, and when it is universally practiced by all, the contracting and spreading of sickness will be materially lessened. Under such conditions the patent-medicine concerns would have to go out of business.

Since coming back among my friends I have often thought of how I completely forgot my sick and weary condition while watching that battle between the crotch-horn and the big bull

moose out there in the forest. It only emphasizes a belief I have always maintained regarding how much the mind has to do with physical aches and pains.

During that conflict in the woods my mind was wholly taken up with the combat itself. There was no room left in that mind to think of my physical self. Therefore, so far as I was able to feel, I was perfectly well.

I mention this because once again the outdoor life plays its part. It is fresh air that makes rich red blood; and it is rich red blood that makes a healthy brain. A healthy brain does not recognize sickness.

My idea of perfect health is when a man can absolutely forget that he has a stomach, a throat, or any other part of his body that is apt to be troublesome.

With that one exception of fever caught in the swamp I was in perfect health during my two months in the wilderness. When I came out of the forest I was not only improved physically, but my mind was improved, in spite of the fact that I had not come in contact with a human soul.

CHAPTER IX

ANIMAL STUDIES

In the wilderness the one great law is the survival of the fittest. This law applies from the very lowest of vegetable life up through the various stages of animal life in the forest. I observed this over and over again while I was in the woods.

The thousands of little seeds that fall from the big trees to the ground take root and proceed to grow. Soon they spring up like a soft green carpet.

It is interesting to note at the very start that it would be impossible for all these tiny seeds to mature inasmuch as there would not be room enough for them all in the wilderness. Some have to be sacrificed. It is the inevitable law. One plant grows up sturdier than another, and the big ones crowd out the little ones, so that they cannot receive the nutriment they need. These weaker specimens of growth perish. They fulfill their part by enriching the earth for the stronger ones, by the process of decay.

Then along comes the animal, destroying plants by feeding upon them. Some escape total annihilation, and perhaps grow into tall trees, rising up, up, up toward the sunlight which is so necessary to their growth.

Here again the rugged tree pushes the weaker tree back into the shade. It is only the fittest that survives.

The same may be said of animals. A little mink runs nimbly alongside the brook and spies a partridge on a low limb of a tree. He darts at it, catches it, and kills it. Just then a wild-cat sneaks out of the bushes toward him. Being the stronger, the cat has little difficulty in robbing the mink of the bird. But while he is feasting on the partridge, a hunter comes along down the trail. The hunter is not only bigger and stronger than the wild-cat, but he has a more powerful brain. He also has a gun, so he kills the creature.

Taking this same idea out into the civilized world let us suppose that the hunter just mentioned had been a woodsman all his life. He goes to the city for the first time to do some business. Being unused to city ways, and mentally weaker in regard to business methods in vogue, he would easily fall a victim to an unequal trade, just as the Indians always received

the worst of it at the hands of the whites years ago.

It was the survival of the fittest that gave us this great country of ours. There were some things which the Indians could do that the white men could not do, but the white men had the more highly developed brains and the improved weapons, which had come as a result of trained minds, so the combination vanquished the Indians.

Just as this law applies to all nature, so does it concern our whole life. Capital and labor are but another example.

In the lives of the creatures that inhabit the wilderness there are great lessons for us to learn. And the study is tremendously interesting.

While I had always made more or less of a study of animals during my various experiences in the woods, the two months that I lived as one of them gave me insight into their ways and habits which I shall never forget.

There is no question in my mind as to whether or not animals have souls. Of course they have souls! If you have ever lived alone in the wilderness you will thoroughly believe that they do.

Ask any man who has spent much of his

time in the forest to tell you some of the interesting things animals have done. Ask him about the squirrels he has watched, or the birds on certain trees that have sung and whistled to him. Ask him about a moose with a couple of calves, who have frequently passed him by without paying the slightest attention to him. They know who's who — these wood creatures — and can size up a man much better than a human being can size up one of his own kind. To them such a man is only another animal like themselves. It is not necessary for the man to speak to an animal in order to establish an understanding.

If I could only live about twice the time allotted to the human race it would be the height of my ambition to go back to the woods, where, in perfect harmony, I could come to understand more about all these living wild creatures. I am confident that a complete understanding would eventually arise between man and animal.

The Almighty has given his wood creatures lots of things he did not give to man. For instance, take the movements of the ears of the deer. Perhaps you come upon it unawares. It stops short and starts quickly away from you. For a second both ears are inclined toward

you; then you will suddenly see one of those ears go back. The turning of that one ear backward is its only protection from danger behind it. A human being can't flop one ear forward and the other backward at the same time.

Instead, God has given man a higher brain.

Again, a human being cannot smell out the track of an animal; but man has other faculties which will more than outweigh this power of scent in wood creatures. If man possessed the power of scent he would be so superior to the animal that the poor creature would n't have the slightest chance to protect itself. With this scent the man would know just where the animal was the minute he entered the woods.

I do not think the average man or woman realizes how foxy and tricky an animal can be. I have met wild animals that I know can outwit and fool the most intelligent human being in the world.

After the first fall of snow in the hunting season when tracking is perfect no animal can move in the wilderness without leaving a trail. Anyone who knows the woods and animals can judge the character of an animal by its tracks, just as it is possible to tell the character of a man by the signature of his pen.

Like many others who have lived a great deal in the forest, I understand the tracks of animals. If I strike a deer track in the snow I can tell by that track, without catching a glimpse of the deer, just how far ahead of me it is and what it intends to do. I know whether or not the creature is aware that someone is following on its trail. I can tell whether it is a female or a male, and how large the animal is.

An animal moves and acts in different ways in different conditions of weather. I have made a study of these peculiarities.

With a thorough understanding of tracks, a hunter or trapper is able to leave the tracks themselves and go in another direction, knowing full well that he will either head off the creature or come again upon its tracks by the short cut. In this way he is able to creep up on a deer or a moose a whole mile by diverging, perhaps, the tenth of a mile. The experienced woodsman knows perfectly well without seeing it at all, whether the animal will swing to the right or left.

When a track stops in places and zigzags around, it is an indication that the animal has been feeding. Whenever I come upon a track like that I always stop and wait and listen before going ahead again. The creature ahead

likewise waits from time to time and listens intently. It is always conscious of its back tracks after the first fall of snow, and watches them carefully. A man has got to be mighty clever to follow an animal even on the snow. However, it can be done.

It is interesting to note the character of the tracks of a deer when it is getting ready to find a place to lie down. The deer will go on until it reaches a high spot, where it will lie down, whether it be fair or stormy, at the foot of a spruce or cedar, and always with its head facing its back tracks. The lay of the land will tell you when you are approaching such a resting place. Nine times out of ten, when you are following such a track, you startle the deer, though you never see it. It had made too clever preparations.

A deer makes it a point to be in a position to see you long before you are able to catch a glimpse of it, and a sight of you is a sign for the deer to be off in a hurry. Not that they are watching for human beings all the time — they do not know whether the creature following them is a person or an animal. But they are always on the alert for the wild-cat — their greatest enemy. Deer listen all the time for the wild-cat, which can steal through the

woods without a sound. No matter how big a deer is, a wild-cat will always take a chance.

Now a word of explanation as to how a man can determine certain things from the trail of an animal. To tell the size of the creature that has just gone on before him, one does n't have to study its tracks. He studies the trees and saplings along the trail and watches for places where the bark is rubbed. A big bull moose, for instance, cannot go between trees that are not wide apart. He always rubs the bark as he passes his antlers through. If these rubs on the bark are high up you know that the animal is a good-sized fellow.

The freshness of the tracks will tell you about how far ahead the animal is.

After following a deer for a few miles you will well establish in your mind the general direction it is journeying. If the tracks swing to the right, apparently undisturbed, this swing can be accounted for by the lay of the land. A deer is never anxious to climb hills. If there is a hill ahead you know that the deer will not climb it unless it is absolutely necessary. It will select the easiest trail, turning, therefore, to the left or right of that hill.

Perhaps this particular section of the coun-

try has been used for a natural game trail for the past fifteen years. The experienced woodsman knows whether or not it turns to the right or left of that hill, so he can figure out about where the trail will appear somewhere farther along. That is where the hunter takes his short cut and heads the trail off, so to speak. Presently he comes across the tracks again, and they are much fresher. He is nearer the animal.

However, the animal is not asleep all this time. Perhaps it has become aware that it is being followed. Then starts a battle of cunning between the man and the deer.

Assuming that progress is hard for the deer, and that it realizes only too well that the man is gaining, time and time again it will make a quick circle to the right or left, going right around you, and, taking up its own back tracks again, follow you at a safe distance.

Presently the hunter comes to the back tracks again and realizes he has been outwitted!

In the meantime the deer goes along the back tracks for some distance, finally giving a big jump off toward the timberlands where it makes good its getaway.

Bears are even more tricky.

During my two months' experiment I saw

in all seven or eight bears. The northern Maine country is full of them.

Sometimes when I went up onto high places where I could get a good view of the surrounding territory I would see bears in the distance. Once, in the burnt lands, I saw two or three grouped together, feeding on berries.

The bear is classified as a sleeper. In the fall bears den up and do not come out again until spring. Coming forth from their long winter's sleep they are lank and hungry, and immediately start hunting for anything in the way of food. They will eat almost anything they come across.

Bears go to the ponds and streams and fish for trout; and when the berries begin to ripen in the burnt lands and clearings, they eat their fill. They are such gluttons that they will hang around those berry bushes until they are scarcely able to move from overfeeding. And they never leave the berry country until the berries are all cleaned out.

When the frost of fall comes along bears change their diet to nuts and acorns, which means their moving farther in among the trees.

Bears are the worst scavengers of the north woods, because they are ready to devour anything and everything. Carrion is a luxury

to them; and stale fish, such as I baited my bear trap with, is one of their favorite dishes.

It is a difficult thing to know just what bears are going to do next. They often eat one another, and will even consume their own pups!

As an example of the appetite of a bear I am going to relate to you a true northern Maine woods bear story.

An Indian guide, whom I have known for years, was conducting a party of prominent New York sportsmen through the forest. Besides other kinds of hunting they had set several bear traps at different points along the way.

Revisiting one of these traps a day later, they found it gone. The Indian guide, who, by the way, was a bear expert, after making a short investigation, made an interesting discovery. The New York sportsmen who had hunted for years could see that the clog had been broken and they also noticed that there were bear tracks leading off toward the north.

However, the Indian guide saw more than that. He saw other tracks mixed up with those of the bear that had been caught in the trap. He also discerned that these tracks belonged to another bear, and that this other bear had but three legs. Careful observation showed the mark of the stump in the ground.

Then the guide explained to the sportsmen that the three-legged bear was after the bear in the trap, and that if they did n't hurry they would n't find either one. The men laughed at him good-humoredly, but his seriousness made them hit up their pace.

Following those tracks for an hour, they presently arrived at the foot of a high spruce where they found the trap and the half-eaten carcass of a bear, with its skin entirely ripped off.

The sportsmen were amazed. Hidden signs plainly told the tragedy of a battle to the death to the Indian guide. Then he pointed out to the men how the trapped bear had dragged the heavy log clog and trap after him, while being chased through the woods by the three-legged bear to this spruce tree. He vowed that in an effort to shake off his tormentor the bear had climbed a tree, still dragging the ten-foot log clog after him. Broken branches showed that the chase had led to the highest branches, fully thirty feet in the air, and that there a mad battle had occurred, which resulted in the crashing of the two animals to the ground below. In the subsequent fight the smaller bear, attached to the trap clog, was killed.

The whole affair had happened within about

an hour's time, for signs at the place where the trap had been set originally showed that the animals had only been gone a few minutes.

After the battle the three-legged bear had skinned his enemy and gobbled half the carcass.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features about this story is the fact that the trapped bear, not weighing himself a great deal over seventy-five pounds, had dragged that heavy clog attached to his trapped foot across country and then up a spruce tree.

The bear is afraid of human beings. He is a great coward. A child could frighten one badly.

Unless a person interferes with them on their own grounds in the mating season bears are practically harmless. At other times they will run away from you.

Speaking of greediness brings to mind one interesting phase of my experience with animals and birds during my two months' isolation. It concerns the moose bird, which is commonly known as the Canadian jay. These birds were literally a nuisance to me. They first made their appearance shortly after I had killed my bear. A pair of them came and scolded at me from a nearby tree.

I could n't lay down a piece of meat for one

minute but that they would dart down and snatch it away. If I was not on the alert they would snatch it from under my very hand.

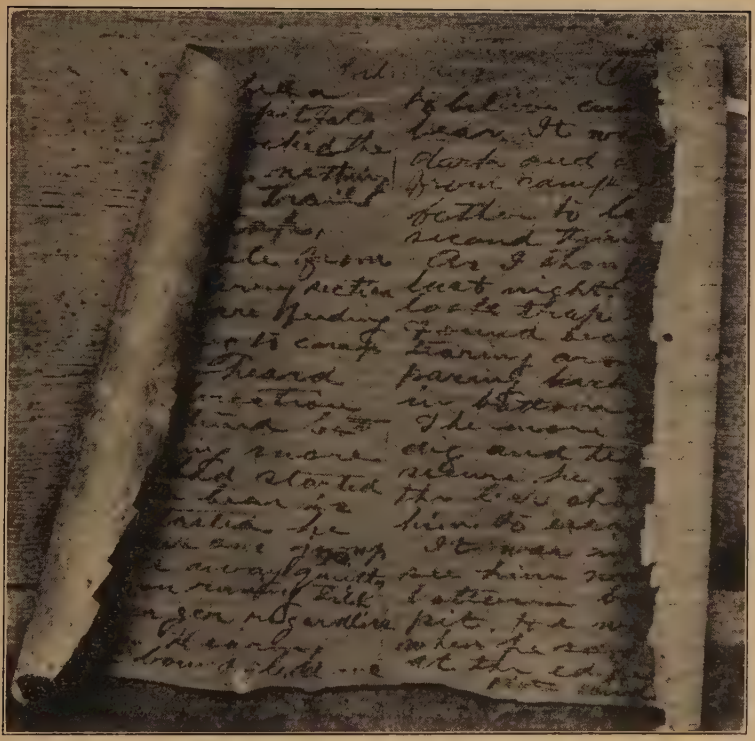
After a little the two grew to four, and at one time I had ten of these birds watching my every move. From time to time I had given them scraps; but I realized I must put a stop to it or else be bothered to death.

The days had been passing rapidly by, and no longer fearing molestation from men in the Lost Pond district I returned there.

In the meantime I had been living anywhere in the forest, sleeping in the open or under rude shelters, thrown together in a moment.

My cedar-bark leggings had long since worn out, and I traveled about during the daytime with absolutely nothing on. I did n't need protection for my legs now, for they had become as tough as leather.

When I reached my old lean-to I found I was practically out of food, so I was obliged to go on another foraging expedition. When you have obtained things once it never seems very difficult to get them another time. I soon rounded up some more trout, driving them from the big pools into my own small artificial pools.



A BIRCH-BARK MESSAGE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR IN THE WOODS WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

September was passing away, but the bears had not entirely cleaned out all the berries. I managed to find enough to supply my needs. I never went hungry.

Each night I slept about six hours, and found that this was all the sleep I required.

I had a desire to accomplish some one big thing while I lived in the wilderness and the biggest thing I could think of was to paint a picture in color right there in the forest. How I went about this task I will tell in a later chapter. This idea took complete possession of me. I figured out how I could get my color, my brushes, and even paper right out of the material at hand in the woods. Then I set about making experiments.

In my enthusiasm I often forgot to eat.

This ambition helped me mentally, and I did not suffer so much with thoughts of the outside world while the idea held me.

Finally I found that I was neglecting myself. I was getting thin. Out of sheer necessity I was forced to look after myself and let other things go.

I contented myself with writing an occasional message on birch bark for the outside world, or drawing a charcoal sketch on the same material.

At least once a week, no matter how far out in the wilderness I might have wandered, I made a trip to the cache to leave my messages. Once I left a pair of cedar-bark shoes, which I had discarded. I wondered what people would think of them.

Each morning I had no idea where I would be at night. Some nights found me at Big Spencer, others at my lean-to on Bear Mountain, and occasionally I went back into the woods near Lost Pond.

Twice, out of necessity when I was hungry, I was forced to shoot a squirrel with my bow and arrow. I roasted the meat, and it was good eating.

Many times I saw rabbits, but I made no effort to trap them. I did n't need them. But necessity compelled me to bring down several partridges. While I caught a few with the slip noose, as I have already described, I shot quite a number with my bow and arrow. The arrow would go clear through the bird and pin it to the ground.

Already the woods began to show signs of the approaching fall. Splashes of brilliant color on the foliage gave relief from the constant monotony of green and black. An occasional light frost made the air wonderfully invigor-

ating. Even during such days I needed no covering. My skin was so tanned and inured to the weather that I did not feel the cold. At night I had my bearskin.

One day, while strolling along the trail, I found a deer horn, which evidently had been shed the year before. Its peculiar shape gave me visions of a crude knife, so I began laboriously to scrape it. First I filed the horn in two by means of a sharp rock. Then I filed off one sharp prong and ground the blade to a keen edge with other stones.

In order to make a good grip I stripped the inner lining from the outer covering of some birch bark, which has the appearance of thin raffia. With this fine shred a fairly substantial cord can be woven. I wound the handle of my new knife with this cord.

Later on I found another horn, but I did n't utilize it, simply carrying it around for luck.

My horn knife proved most practical and useful. It would easily cut meat, and later when I made my clothing it came in handy.

I was growing to be more and more a part of the forest every day. Whenever I needed anything I simply went and hunted for it. It was always waiting for me somewhere.

Even the mental side was losing its grip on me.

I was, in truth, a primitive man. I had gone back from the land of civilization to the forest of antiquity.

CHAPTER X

KILLING A DEER WITH THE HANDS

Sometimes we accomplish things before we realize it. The story of my getting a deer is very much like this. The incident happened just before dark while I was walking along a little trail close to the shore of a small pond.

Suddenly I heard a noise in the water ahead of me. I stopped still, and presently heard the noise again. Then I walked on toward the shore until I reached an old spruce tree, whose roots were growing up on one side of the trail. Of course, any game going through the water to drink had to avoid these roots.

All around me was a thicket of spruce and cedar. From where I stood I could see quite an opening down toward the water. First I noticed ripples on the water, and then a little farther out I saw a young spike-horn buck feeding on the bottom grass.

When I first saw him I did not have the slightest idea of catching him. The thought never entered my head.

I knew that if the deer were frightened he would run in the opposite direction from the sound that startled him. The wind was blowing from him to me, so he could not get my scent. I picked up a piece of spruce root and threw it out over the deer's back into the water. The animal threw up his head, looked around in all directions, and then started out of the water up the trail toward me.

I picked up a stone and threw this out into the water, the second splash starting him along farther toward the root behind which I was hiding.

Carefully judging the time and distance, as soon as he got opposite me I caught him by the forward feet and down he fell in the trail. Then I caught him by the horns, and with my weight on his back I got control of him. I gave a quick twist and broke his neck.

I want to apologize for killing the deer in that manner, but, under the circumstances, it was the only way I had. I needed the skin badly.

It was so dark now I decided not to skin him that night. I pulled the body up a little to one side of the trail, and left it there until morning.

Back at my camp that night I stirred up my

banked fire and sat down to think. I did n't give the deer much thought. I said to myself, "Now I've got another skin." It was a small deer, but if I did n't waste too much of the skin making moccasins I would have enough, with bearskin and deerskin I had taken from the wild-cats, to cover myself completely.

The next day I went and got this skin. Besides it, I took some meat and all the sinew back to my camp. Some of the meat I ate, some I dried, and some I kept in the spring for several days where it would be cold.

Then I started to work making my wilderness suit of clothes. First I made my buckskin chaps. I doubled the skin and wound it around my thigh to see if it would be big enough to go around. I found that it would, but that it would not be quite long enough. However, with the other deerskin I could add pieces to lengthen it.

After shaping the chaps I put the skins on to a piece of wood and began punching holes along the edge with the sharp point of a deer horn. These I laced together with strips of rawhide.

I made my moccasins by first wetting the rawhide and putting my foot on it to get the

length. I used two pieces for each moccasin, turning the bottom piece up a little and stitching it to the top piece while it was on my foot. This raised the stitching above the ground where it would not wear out. When the wet rawhide dried they were a perfect fit.

Whenever I wore the bearskin I slung it over my shoulder and held it together in front with thongs.

There was nothing wonderful about killing that deer. Many people have seemed to marvel about that incident, and some, not understanding the woods, have openly doubted the story. To anyone who knows the ways and habits of animals such a thing would not seem wonderful. Those who have hunted and lived among the wilds do not think so for a minute. It is really of such little importance that a man who understands such things would not even mention it. In fact, not until I had been out of the forest for nearly a week did I speak of the affair at all, and then only when I was asked to explain where I got my deer.

Skepticism is based largely on ignorance. When a man hears something that he does not know about he is either broad-minded enough to learn more about it, or else announces that he does not believe it at all.

A man of the woods might ask you something like this: "Did you have a gun?"

"No."

"Well, that's pretty good. You were lucky to get your deer that way." He would n't ask any more questions because he would understand. He would n't ask you how the deer acted, because he would know how it acted. Nor would he ask how much strength was used, knowing how much strength was necessary to kill a deer in that manner. He would also know that if you saw a deer too big to handle you would not tackle it.

Only a short time after I came from the woods I had occasion to talk with Chief Nicola of the old Penobscot tribe of Indians at Bangor, Maine, about a similar instance. He told me that he had killed a two-hundred-pound buck in a deer yard in the same way. He told the story as if it were a very ordinary occurrence, and no enthusiasm backed his words. The deer was caught by the antlers and thrown to the ground where the chief strangled him.

In winter when the snow is deep the deer or moose has difficulty in getting about. They yard together, walking about in furrows worn by themselves. A man on snowshoes can run them down very quickly.

There are many different ways to kill a deer. In the yard you can kill him with a club. You can throw him and break his neck, just as the cowboys in the west throw a steer and break its neck. Then again you can strangle the animal by throwing your whole weight against him.

Talking with Andrew Sockalexis, the Indian marathon runner, after my return to civilization, brought to light another experience similar to mine. This Indian had run down a deer on snowshoes in the winter and killed the animal with his hands alone.

I feel pity instead of anger toward those critics who do not believe simply because they do not know.

The reader remembers the story in a preceding chapter of Andrew Douglas having his picture taken with a moose. At that time, later in the week, we came upon another deer yard near Big Jim Pond. There were six bucks herded together there, all of about the same size. Here was a fine opportunity for photographs. The animals were walking about, breaking through the crust into the deep snow. This made travel very slow for them.

It was the easiest thing in the world to catch them. By scattering, we rounded up the

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST SHOES, MADE OF THE INNER LINING BARK OF THE CEDAR

creatures quickly, but in the mixup they got away and all escaped but one. He ran past Andrew, close to me. I threw myself at him, grabbed him around the neck, and threw him.

Down we went together, and a terrible rumpus followed. He got his forward feet through my snowshoes and pinned me to the ground. I tried my best to break away before he could cut and slash me with his feet. Finally, as I could n't release myself, I hung on to his neck for dear life, holding his head down as close to me as possible. In that position he could n't hurt me. I held on until I could feel the strength leaving my hands. Then I hollered, "Boys, come and take this deer off!"

Andrew and Harry Pierce only laughed.

"On the level, boys," I shouted louder, "he is going to get me!"

Evidently my tone impressed them, for they stopped laughing and came over and pulled the deer from my body. We let the animal go. My camera and snowshoes were smashed to pieces.

The deer fights with its forward feet more than it does with its horns. In winter a deer does not have horns to fight with. Summer is the mating season, and I suppose nature provided them with antlers at this time to pro-

tect themselves. In the mating season the horns of these animals are perfect and they are always ready for a fight. They will resist any interference from other animals. But in winter they yard together and are peaceful, never engaging in battle, for at this time they shed their horns and are harmless.

I have obtained some remarkable photographs of these animals in the yards in winter under the jacklight.

Jacklight photography is real sport, and when it is all over the animal is not harmed in the slightest degree.

In jacklighting, first of all it is necessary to have a dark night. Then you need a canoe and a jacklight on a staff in the bow. Next, a man who understands paddling is absolutely essential — one who when he dips his paddle in the water will do it so quietly you cannot even hear a ripple. All guides know how to do this.

Set your camera with the shutter open on a box above the light. Then you go paddling noiselessly down the stream, with a broad cycle of light sweeping the shore.

Unless a beaver swimming along makes a dive, and in plunging makes a noise with his tail as he goes down, there is absolutely nothing

to break the silence. That noise does not scare the other animals because they know what it stands for.

If the animals on the shore do not get your scent you can go very close to them with the canoe.

The first thing you see is two balls of fire in the circle of light on the bank. As you come nearer, the form of an animal will take shape around those balls of fire. It may be a deer, a moose, a caribou, a bear, or it may be a crane — in fact, any animal or bird in the woods.

When you feel that you are close enough, pull the flashlight and you have your picture.

Under the spell of the jacklight the animal stands fascinated, and it is a most cowardly thing to kill one under such conditions. There is a law against doing this — one of the few good game laws.

With the moose, especially the cow moose, it is different. The jacklight enrages the animal and she bristles up and always prepares to fight it. She will set herself and wait until the canoe gets within about ten feet of her, when she will charge at it.

In such a case the man in the stern of the canoe must know his business well. The minute the moose charges he shoves the canoe

ahead a couple of lengths, while at the same instant the man handling the jack snaps out the light.

As soon as the canoe is out of danger the light is thrown on again and the moose gets ready for another charge. Exhilarating sport follows, but if the man in the stern is not on to his job the sport may turn out to be dangerous.

The mention of a moose charging a canoe brings to my mind an adventure I experienced years ago in the Maine country in the daytime.

Andrew Douglas, the moose expert, was with me, and we were paddling upstream above Fish Pond, at the head of Spencer Lake. It was early morning. As we rounded a bend in the river, I heard a sound a little distance ahead.

Andrew heard it too, and we both stopped paddling to listen. The sound of something thrashing about in the alders on the bank came again, and we again started upstream to investigate.

I was in the stern and Andrew was in the bow.

"I wonder what that is, Andrew?"

"It is a moose, and he is hung up in the mud."

We approached nearer, and presently we

could see the alders swaying back and forth with the weight of something. Then we caught sight of the animal's head.

We came very close and watched him struggle to release himself. In one of his lunges he extricated himself a little, and then he saw us. He promptly began to blame his trouble on us. This was easy to see, because the bristles on his neck began to rise and he wanted to fight.

Andrew and I just sat there and laughed at him. He was one of the biggest and maddest moose I have ever seen, and he thrashed about and made an awful fuss. We watched him for some time, and all the while the creature was making good headway toward liberty.

After awhile a savage lunge brought him pretty well out, and I said to Andrew, "We better get out of this."

"Oh, we are all right," he answered.

So we sat there awhile longer, until the animal was practically free.

"Now we had better get a move on," said Andrew.

I dipped my paddle, and started to swing the canoe downstream. The craft turned all right, but it kept swinging around in a circle. The harder I paddled the faster it went around. It moved like a wheel on a pivot.

The moose struck the water with a splash, and charged toward us.

"What 's the matter? What 's the matter? Why don't you shove the canoe off?" shouted Andrew.

"We're hung up on a stump," I hollered back.

Andrew arose in the bow and walked down to my end of the canoe. This threw the bow high up out of water, and we were released from the stump.

The moose was close now, and we had hardly time to dig our paddles deep and just nose away from him. Even then he swam madly after us.

We were in a beaver pond, and, in our anxiety to get away, we ran on to another stump close to the dam. It was lucky we had opened some on the moose, for as we came on this second stump we were capsized and thrown into the water.

On came the moose. We swam up and got hold of the canoe, just managing to push it over the dam and follow after, when the moose arrived. The big fellow meant business, but we had escaped under his nose.

There is one interesting thing about these animals of the forest that many hunters have

noticed but have never thought very much about. It concerns their wonderful instinct in regard to the attitude of men toward them.

In the off-season men in the woods will come upon all kinds of game and, under such conditions, will remark, "Why is it, when I have n't my gun with me, I always have great chances for shots?"

The answer is simple. These animals know when a man is in the woods to kill them. They can feel that he is there for that purpose. At those times they keep out of his way. But if a man is in the woods without a gun, the animals know it, and they do not show fear. That is why the man without a gun in the forest sees so much game, while with a gun he sees so little.

No animal in the woods would fear man if he left his killing instruments behind him. In fact they want to become friendly, and through curiosity will come to man. But man can never tame them if he goes to them.

I saw many wild creatures in the wilderness during my experiment, and they came to me, knowing that I was their friend. They knew that I would not harm them, and they wondered just what kind of an animal I was.

That is why the red deer and the white fawn would eat out of my hand.

That is why partridges actually followed me and allowed me to touch them.

I never want to see an animal harmed, unless it is through absolute necessity. Even under those conditions there is a regret when I am forced to kill one.

CHAPTER XI

WILDERNESS ADVENTURES

The domain in which I lived during my experiment brought back to my mind many incidents of bygone days, for it was in this northern Maine country, a little to the north and west, that I had guided and trapped so many times before.

About eighteen years ago I had a trapping line up in that hunting country. The line was about twenty miles long. It was in winter. On all such lines as this there is a home camp, and it was at this home camp of mine that I spent four or five nights out of the week. The rest of the time I would stop anywhere along the line in rough lean-tos, which I had built during various trips. When night overtook me and I was far from the home camp I would head for one of these temporary shelters.

The time came when it was necessary for me to kill a deer. I needed the meat, and also some of the hide to make new fillings for my snowshoes. This rawhide is the best filling

for snowshoes. To get this hide it is necessary to kill some fur-bearing animal.

In spite of its being out of season I was thus forced by circumstances to take a chance and get a deer.

There was an old man who lived near a settlement, not a great way from where my camp was. I knew that he could not kill a deer, and that he would be glad to have some deer meat. So I gave him half of the animal I had killed. He said he would not say anything about it, and thanked me. He and his wife ate the meat.

Some time during the winter, while I was trapping, the game wardens came up in that section of the country and ran across signs of deer killing. Immediately they went to the old man and asked him if he knew who had been killing deer out of season. He replied, "Joe Knowles is the only man who has been in this section. He has a trapping line, and if anyone has been killing deer it is he."

They vowed they would get me and bring me out and fine me.

One day I saw strange snowshoe sloates crossing my own. I wondered whose they were. The first thought that came to me was of the game wardens. I followed these sloates far enough to see that they were hunting for

something. I kept on until signs told me that the entrails and what was left of that deer had been found. Then the snowshoe tracks went back on their trail and I knew that the wardens were after me.

They could n't follow the trail to my camp, as I had looked out for that. So they went back to the village — as I afterwards found out — and told the people that a deer had been killed in the woods, in the section where Knowles was trapping, and that they were going to catch him and fine him.

It was on their next trip that the wardens came to the house of the old man, and the old man told them that it was I who was killing deer.

Then they came up to my camp. I saw them coming, and went out to the door to meet them and welcome them. In the little entry I had a quarter of the deer hanging up. There was an old mackinaw hanging there too. These wardens were so near the door that I had no time to do anything. I hung the mackinaw over the deer meat just about a second before they came in.

"This is nice weather," they greeted.

"Yes," I answered.

"How are you getting along trapping?"

"All right."

I then asked them to stop and have a little dinner with me. We had something to eat, and they never mentioned what they had come for; but I knew and they knew that I knew. They did n't ask to search around, but saw nothing and yet were not satisfied.

Finally they said they guessed they would go and make a short cut to the settlement where they had come from. I knew that though they might start in that direction, they would not follow it for long.

Another deer I had killed was close by. I had not cut him up, but had hung him in an old shack near my camp.

The game warden started off, but, as I expected, soon took the direction of the old shack. Nothing but a dog could have followed the track that led up to that old shack. I had dragged the carcass over the crust early in the morning, when it was so hard it left no trace of the work.

Even if they saw the buck in there, there would be nothing by which they could directly connect me with the killing of the animal.

I wanted to watch them closely, and, not being able to do so from the ground floor of my camp, I went up to the top and looked out

across the clearing. After the wardens had got some distance away they wheeled around and headed straight for the shack. Then I saw them go inside. Of course, I knew that that meant they would find the deer.

I said to myself, "I'll have some fun with these fellows." I took my gun and through a crack fired several shots at the top of the shack. As the wood splintered you should have seen those men hustle away from that quarter!

That was the end of it for that night, but I knew they would return the next morning to arrest me.

In the morning, before daylight, I got up and put on my snowshoes. Then I went over to the old shack, took down the deer, and placed it on a toboggan. The crust was as hard as wood, and I knew that neither my snowshoes nor the dragging of the toboggan would leave any traces.

I dragged the carcass about a mile into the woods and buried it under the crust even before the sun had risen over the top of the mountain.

My judgment of the night before proved to be just right, for that morning the wardens appeared again. They were reënforced in

numbers. Instead of coming to my camp as they should have done, they went down to the shack in the clearing.

It was a funny situation just then, for, when they discovered the deer gone, the men whom they had brought with them thought that the wardens had been lying to them. They hunted around for tracks, but of course there were n't any, and that fact only got the original game wardens in worse trouble than ever.

Thus far they did n't have the slightest proof against me.

Those wardens who had really seen the deer there were so mad that they went down to the house of the old man again and made a deal with him to appear as a witness against me.

This news reached me very quickly, and I knew that it meant that I was to be watched in the woods.

Knowing that the wardens knew my particular snowshoe sloates I started to make a different pair. I put on these new shoes and started for a deer yard. I continued to walk through this deer yard until I reached a road that led to the settlement. When I got to this logging road I took off the snowshoes and hung them with their trails forward, and started back over the same ground. This made another trail,

A GLIMPSE OF THE SPENCER COUNTRY IN NORTHERN MAINE

the two sets of tracks giving the appearance of two men having gone to the settlement.

It was n't long before the wardens discovered these tracks, and as they went through the deer yard it set them thinking. They took the bait completely.

Some distance from my camp I took off my new double-end snowshoes and hid them under the crust, taking out my own regular pair which I had left there.

A short time later the wardens appeared at my camp and asked if I had seen any strangers in that part of the country. I told them that I had not. I asked no questions, and did n't appear a bit curious. They left me, very much puzzled.

After awhile I struck out again, but this time I started with the tails of my shoes forward. It was snowing hard.

Determined to find the man or men who were killing game out of season the wardens were constantly on the job. They found my last sloates and began to follow them. However, they followed them in the opposite direction from that in which I was going.

I learned afterwards that they lost the trail because the snow filled my back tracks so quickly. Because of that, they thought the

man ahead of them was a whirlwind on snowshoes.

One morning a man whom I knew in the woods came down to my camp and told me how affairs were going.

"I know it is necessary for you to kill a deer once in awhile," he said, "but they are determined to get you, and if they do it will mean a heavy fine."

"All right," I retorted.

Then he told me that the old man who had "squealed" on me was going to be a witness. That very night I went down to see the old gentleman just for the sake of having a heart-to-heart talk with him. I found both him and his wife at home, and they looked kind of flustered when I made my appearance.

"Look here," I began, "I understand you are going to be a witness against me for killing a deer out of season."

"But they have summoned me," the old man excused himself, "and I have got to go. I don't want to do anything that will injure you but I shall have to tell the truth."

"What do you know?" I questioned.

"I know that you have been killing deer."

"You know that because I have told you so," I broke in. "You have had some of that deer

meat and have eaten it. It will be pretty tough on me, and I shall have to pay quite a fine. Have you got any grievance against me?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "But a man has to go to court when he is summoned. And a man must tell the truth."

"All right," I agreed, "but as long as you are going to tell the truth do not forget to tell the court that I gave you half of a deer."

"No, I won't forget," answered the old man.

"And when I get ready to pay my fine you get ready to pay part of it."

"No — no," he cried, greatly excited.

Then I asked him if he had a copy of the game laws of the State of Maine. He searched around until he found a copy, stoutly maintaining all the while that he was in no way responsible for any part of my fine.

However, I quickly showed him where he had been an accessory after the fact, and that, therefore he was liable. He "backed water" pretty quick, and later when the wardens came to take him to court he refused to go, insisting that he knew nothing whatever about the matter.

This turn of affairs made the wardens more

determined than ever to get bona fide evidence against me.

Putting my snowshoes on backside-to fooled them every time, and when they thought they were on the trail of someone they were going in the opposite direction.

Some months later on, after the affair had died down, these same wardens came up to my camp at my invitation. We had a good time fox hunting and got more or less confidential. They told me that they knew I had been killing game out of season, and admitted they had been months trying to get me.

A few years afterward the chief warden who had been after me in the deer-killing episode came down to my camp as my guest. One morning he discovered in a corner among some old traps my pair of snowshoes with the tails hung forward. As I watched him looking them over I saw that he connected them with those strange tracks he had seen years before. He was doing a lot of thinking.

Finally he referred to the shoes, making the comment that such a pair would leave tracks as if one were walking backwards. I began to laugh and then told him I had walked that way many times.

"Joe," he cried, "I want to ask you just

one question. What did you do with that deer that was hanging up in the old shack?"

"What deer? What shack?" I feigned.

I never told him.

I am now going to relate another story to you, one which came back to me after fifteen years while I was crossing Spruce Mountain on my way to Canada during my recent two-months experiment.

It was in this Spruce Mountain country that the incident occurred. The hunting season had long since gone by and it was about the first of March.

For the purpose of taking photographs of some moose, Andrew Douglas, the most famous moose hunter in the history of the State of Maine; Harry Pierce, owner of the King and Bartlett Camps, and myself started off through the woods on snowshoes.

Andrew was about sixty years old. We had left everything to him in regard to locating the moose. We made preparations to stay two or three weeks, and I took along my five-by-seven camera.

During the first two days we got pretty well into the woods, but not a sign of a moose did we see. This fact made Andrew so grouchy that he refused even to speak to us. When we asked

him when he expected to find a moose yard he would n't answer. He got so mad that he tried to walk us to death on snowshoes.

However, we followed his sloates wherever they went those two days. He was getting madder every minute, and finally it got so he would n't stop to eat lunch at noon. He was hunting for a moose yard with a determination that was unbeatable.

Harry and I talked a lot as we crunched along, and we had almost lost our confidence in the ability of the old man.

The third night came on, and, as on the preceding nights, we dug a hole in the snow, which we filled with boughs, putting more boughs on top, and then built a fire in front of the crude shelter.

The next morning there was n't a word spoken. We fried a few extra flapjacks to eat for lunch, and once more got under way.

I asked Harry if he had the courage to ask Andrew which direction we were going that day. Harry took a chance and put the question, whereupon Andrew growled back at him, "None of your business!"

We decided that we could stand it as long as he could, so followed on. We knew he would n't stop until he had located a moose yard.

Finally we came to the shore of a little pond. In silence we crossed the pond and went into a thicket on the opposite side. Following wherever the old man led us we found ourselves taking a circle to the left. Presently we came out on the shore of this same pond again. Then Andrew stopped. He spoke for the first time in days.

"Harry," he said, "I have always told my boys about this pond on this side of the mountain and they would never believe it."

"Why, this is the same pond we crossed a little while ago," Harry replied, looking interrogatively at me.

I nodded yes.

"We have not crossed this pond," declared the old man firmly.

"Why, yes, we have. Don't you remember — just a little while back —"

"No, sir, we did not cross this particular pond. Did we, Joe?" he appealed to me.

"I think we did," I said.

"I tell you we did n't," he reiterated.

Then I told him I would go up to the other end of the pond to see if I could find our tracks, and as I started off he growled something after me about nonsense. I found the tracks all right, and when I got back Harry and I were

in a position to dictate. Andrew had got turned all around.

We went on until we reached Spotted Spruce Mountain. Andrew had become so peevish that he was very far ahead of us out of sight. Harry and I knew that if we continued down the side of Spotted Spruce Mountain we would come upon a comfortable camp. The thought of that made us temporarily sick of trying to find moose, for we had been spending nights out in the snow lean-tos.

We were almost on the point of letting Andrew go where he pleased and going down to this camp ourselves, when, away up on the mountain, we heard the faint cry of the old man.

"Hey! Come on up here! Here 's the moose!"

Forgetting all about the camp we started up the mountain as fast as ever we could go. Sure enough, he had found a moose yard! There were a bull and two cows in sight.

"I have found your moose. Now get one," cried Andrew as the big bull began to come toward us.

There was a strange thing about this moose. In spite of its being winter he had antlers. Through some freak of nature he had not shed his horns, as is the natural thing for moose to

do in the yarding season. He was the only moose I ever saw with full antlers in winter.

The moose turned over toward the burnt lands and I followed him for about half a mile, when I finally overtook him. The snow was pretty deep and the going was difficult for him. He managed to haul himself ahead near a little bunch of trees.

While I was fooling with him Harry and Andrew came up.

"Where's the moose?" they demanded.

I pointed over toward the trees.

"Well, why don't you drive him out?" cried Andrew.

Andrew had a gun in his hand. I had my camera. After the old man had told me I was scared to death of the moose, he suggested that I fell a small cedar on the edge of the clump of trees down on the animal's back and force him out.

I took my hatchet and felt my way up close to this cedar. The moose kept watching me closely; and I watched him closely too.

At last I got a bit acquainted with him and then I started to chop. As the chips flew toward him he made two or three attempts to get at me. He had trampled down quite a square of snow, and had a fairly good footing from which he could jump.

Although I chopped into the side of the tree nearest the moose I evidently did n't steer right, for when the cedar fell it landed on another tree, about two feet above the moose's back.

This was Andrew's cue to get talking again. He was disgusted.

"Well, it's too late to get a picture now. We'll have to let him go and make a try in the morning," he announced, starting down the mountain.

"But the moose will be gone in the morning," I argued.

"What of it?" Andrew threw back over his shoulder.

We stayed at the comfortable camp that night, and the next morning Harry, who had had enough of chasing around, played sick just before Andrew and I started off for the moose yard again.

Of course, when we reached the clump of trees of the night before the moose had gone.

"I know where he is," declared the old man.

There were no tracks, as it had snowed during the night. But Andrew headed for a swamp some two miles away, and shortly we struck fresh moose tracks.

Pretty soon I came across one of the crea-

ture's antlers, which he must have knocked off against a tree.

Presently we caught sight of him lumbering along through the snow. He turned from the swamp into the burnt lands, and as he was not able to go so fast as I could on my snow-shoes I soon overtook him. He stopped in his tracks, ready to fight.

About thirty feet away from the moose I set up my camera and took several negatives of him.

Suddenly Andrew asked, "Say, Joe, can't you get me in that same picture with the moose?"

"If you can get near enough," I replied.

"I never had my picture taken with a moose and I would kind of like to."

The old man had his eye on the animal as he talked, and was gradually edging nearer. When he was about twenty-five feet from the creature he stopped.

"This near enough?"

"No — can't see you on the plate."

Andrew crept three or four feet nearer.

"How's this?"

"No good," I shouted.

"Can you get me all right now?" He had covered just a foot more.

Meanwhile the moose was glowering at him and stamping his feet. The bristles on his main were standing up straight. He was ready for a fight. This made Andrew mad.

"I'll put a pill into you if you don't mind your own business," he roared, addressing his threat to the animal.

"Say, Joe, this is all right, ain't it?"

I told him that I could see him on the glass, but that he was about as big as a pinhead, and that no one would be able to tell that it was he.

The old man stood still thinking, with the moose watching him like a cat. There was a pine stump sticking up out of the snow on the other side of the moose, and Andrew's mind traveled to that stump.

"Can't you swing your camera round this way?" he asked, taking a wide circle around the moose to the other side.

I fixed my camera, while Andrew, peeking round the stump, managed to get within ten feet of the animal. There they stood on either side of the big stump, each trying to catch sight of the other.

I have that picture to this day.

CHAPTER XII

MORE WILDERNESS ADVENTURES

I think sometimes when a man suffers his mind is apt to go back over his life and linger on some terrible hardship he has experienced, and that by making a comparison between the present suffering and that of the past he finds some consolation. It is no uncommon thing to hear a man or woman say, "If I could go through that I surely can stand this present trouble."

A similar comparison confronted me in the forest when mental torture threatened to drive me back to civilization before my time was up. It was about an experience I had undergone many years before in the northern Maine country, and the remembrance of it on those lonesome times made me realize that my lot at present was far less hard in comparison.

I too said to myself, "If I could endure that night I can surely win this battle with my mind." The recollection of that adventure

in the cañon, eighteen years before, aided me greatly in this respect.

At that time I was stopping in a settlement in northern Maine. One morning I was called upon to prepare for a sixty-mile ride, being told at the same time that a young woman was to be intrusted to my care during the journey.

It was the latter part of January, and from six to ten feet of snow covered the ground. That very morning it was snowing, but it was a light snow and the air was unusually warm for that time of year.

After we had ridden for about twenty miles the snow turned to rain, and the horse began to slump badly. He could hardly step without sinking deep into the snow. However, with the slowest kind of progress we crawled along five miles farther, the footing getting worse every minute. It was all the horse could do to stay on the footpath.

Presently we entered a cañon where a ledge overhung the path. To the left was a river, which, because of the light snow, had overflowed its bank, and undermined the deep snow. While the ice had not gone out of the river there were many loose cakes ready to float out at any time.

I stopped the horse in order to let him rest a moment. Time had been moving swiftly and it was about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The roadway ahead of us appeared like any other part of the road, but unknown to us the water had crept in under the crust. We started forward again, and just as we came to the lowest part, close to the river, the horse broke through the surface of the snow into the water, dragging the sleigh with us in it after him.

The water was up to our waists and it was bitter cold. It was a wild sort of country. Just above our heads, hanging from the ledge, were tons of icicles, measuring anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred feet long. A bullet from a revolver would have loosened them, and it is easy to imagine what would have happened to us if they had chanced to fall.

Taking off my fur coat I jumped into the slop up to my waist, and took the girl on my back. After falling down several times I managed to make my way with her to solid ground a bit higher up on one side.

I got the sleigh robe and spread it on the ground and placed her on it. We were both soaked through.

It stopped raining and began to get very cold. I looked back at the horse and saw that

he was struggling hard to get on solid ground. He did n't seem to gain an inch. I went back through the slop and, after cutting the harness away from the rig, tried to lead him across the space of slush and snow. The more I tried the more he became stuck. He would struggle until exhausted, then he would rest. In the struggle the sleigh was smashed.

My legs were almost numb and I jumped up and down as I tried to help the horse.

It was dark by now and soon the moon came out. The wind sprang up and thin ice began to form on the water which had already covered the snow where I was trying to get the horse out.

To make matters worse the ice began to cram down the river, and I had to push and crowd away the big cakes which threatened every minute to sweep the horse's feet from under him.

This made the water rise higher, and several times during the rush of ice I had to lift the horse to keep him from falling. Then I heard the girl cry and I floundered half frozen back to her. When I saw that she was moving I knew that she was not freezing, so I went back to the horse again.

If the horse could only go twenty-five feet

he would be all right. I pushed down the snow and ice and endeavored to make a clearing for the animal, and I worked till I could scarcely stand up. Many a time I had to hang on to the horse's neck to keep myself from falling. The horse would struggle to release himself, and the sharp calks on his shoes cut my legs and slashed me terribly. I bear those scars to this day. I was covered with blood and the only thing I could do was to hang on to the horse's neck and rest.

Then I heard the girl cry again and went back to her. The situation was getting serious in this quarter. She could not stand, she was so thoroughly chilled through.

I had to pull her around roughly and fairly lick her. To keep her blood moving fast I thrashed her in good shape. I would rub snow on her legs and then I would lick her again. She would cry with the pain. This beating and pulling and rubbing kept her from freezing.

Finally I placed her on the robe again and stood there wondering what I should do. I said to myself that the nearest house was four miles away. I knew that I could get there myself, but by the time I returned the girl would be dead and probably the horse. I could not carry the girl. I had not even the

strength to drag her. So I stood there and looked at the girl and looked at the horse and looked at the moon.

I had a revolver in my pocket and I wondered if perhaps the best way would be to shoot the suffering horse and take a chance at saving the girl and myself. But I reasoned that the only way to save us both was to save the horse, so back I went to the aid of the poor animal.

By this time ice had formed about the horse and I had to break it away all around him. He was very nearly spent but he struggled ahead with my help and gained a bit. But helping the horse took every bit of strength I possessed, and I began to think I would have to call it off.

When it seemed as if I could hardly raise my hand, and my legs were numb with the bitter cold water and slush, I hung on to the horse's neck and gazed at the moon in despair. I cursed that moon. I cursed everything in the world. I said, "There is no God!" I laughed at the thought of prayer, and instead of praying cursed and damned everything.

"Nothing I have ever attempted has come out right," I cried. "I have been up against it and have had to struggle all my life. This is my last struggle, and I don't care.

"I'll stay with the horse," I continued to myself. "What is the difference!"

It kept getting colder and colder. The blood running down my legs where the horse's hoofs had cut me, together with the cold and my efforts, made me so weak I could hardly hold on to the animal's neck. Short rests restored my strength and I renewed the fight.

Continually slipping and crashing down, the horse struggled forward. When he fell I would pull him up again. Then I would hear the girl cry again.

Once when I reached her side and spoke to her she did not answer. I lifted her up, but she fell back flat. Then I beat her as if I were mad and dragged her about, tearing her clothes. Then she moaned and screamed, and I knew that she was still alive.

This exercise with the girl did n't rest me any, and before I made another journey to the horse I was forced to get my breath.

Again I was forced to break away the ice. The horse's legs were numb and I had to beat him to keep him struggling.

I was suffering excruciating pain and I know it made a different man of me.

With a superhuman effort the horse got within ten feet of sure footing. I knew that

everything hung on the next struggle and I wondered if the animal and I were equal to it.

First I went back to the girl and beat her some more. Pulling her out into the snow, I took the robe away from her and left her half dead.

Using this robe as a footing I made ready for the final struggle with the horse. I knew it was the last, because I realized the animal would n't last through another one. Neither would I.

The struggle began with a thrashing of hoofs and a lashing about. Suddenly the horse gave a mighty plunge and his forward feet struck the solid ground! He stood there trembling all over. I fell down exhausted and lay there and rested.

The horse was entirely free now.

When I got my breath I went fearfully to the side of the girl. I pulled her up and spoke to her.

"I 'm all right," she said faintly. "Don't wait for me. Go along. Leave me here — I 'm not suffering any more."

I dropped her back and went after the horse. Then I led him staggering over to the side of the girl.

First I would rub the limbs of the girl, and

then I would start doing the same thing to the horse until I could n't rub any more.

Finally I made an attempt to throw the girl across the horse's back, but to save my life I could n't lift her up. I would rest a moment and then try again.

After trying half a dozen times I managed to sling her across, and for an instant I thought the animal was going to cave in under her. However, he started unsteadily ahead, with me walking alongside, holding the girl by one of her legs.

I steered him by the rough places, for I knew if he slumped it would be all off. For about a mile our sorry trio continued until we reached a point where a narrow gauge logging railroad crossed the footpath. I knew that it would be easier going between the rails of this track, so I led the creature onto the track, taking care that he did not stumble and fall.

We were still three miles from the nearest house, and it was growing colder every minute. The next mile seemed an endless one. I constantly shook the girl and talked a steady stream of nothing to her to keep her mind going.

Then, all of a sudden, I discovered just in time an opening bridge ahead of us, over which the horse could not possibly cross.

It certainly seemed as if fate were blocking me at every point.

As I stood there I heard away in the distance the sound of a train coming. Presently I saw the headlight way back down the track.

In the night the engineers and firemen of these trains do not look out of the cab windows because they do not expect to see anything on the track in winter. I knew they would not be watching. I tried to lead the horse off the track but he would not budge an inch.

I saw that something had to be done at once. I grabbed the girl, dragged her off the horse's back, and laid her down beside the track.

Walking along beside the horse during the last hour had given some of my strength back, and when the animal would not move a second time I began to push him with my shoulder. The train was quite near now, and in my frantic efforts to get the horse off the rails I reached down and grabbed his right foot and threw my whole strength against him. Down he went with a crash beside the track, and I held him down by the head so he could not get up.

How I wanted that train to stop just then! I began to shout. As the train came nearer my yells were lost in the roar of the engine.

It slid past us, and no one knew we were within a thousand miles. Slowly it disappeared in the darkness.

I knew we must get on our way again. The goal was only two miles away, and the girl was in danger of freezing every minute.

It was useless to attempt to cross that bridge — in fact, it could not be done. I left the horse and started through the snow by the side of the track to see how far away the road might be, and discovered it was only about thirty-five feet distant.

Heaven knows it was near enough, but there was a six-foot alder brush which we would have to go through, and the snow had loaded this down with a ten-foot deep covering. I began to dig an opening, and after laborious work tunneled a place through which the horse could go to the road.

Upon reaching the girl I found her numb and still. I began beating her again, dragging her about on the track and bumping her over the sleepers.

Then I left the girl again and fought with the horse. I finally got him through the deep snow to the tunnel and out on to the road. As soon as this was done I went back to the girl and

carried her to the horse and managed to get her once more on his back.

It did n't seem as if I could go on myself. I was completely exhausted. I remember telling the girl it was only a little way to the house now. I said, "I can see the house."

I don't remember much that followed for a spell, but I do know that I suddenly looked up and really saw the house just ahead. The sight of it gave me new life.

I kept rubbing the girl's limbs and telling her we were there, and encouraging her, until we reached the yard. There was a light in one of the windows. I staggered up to the door of the house, fell down on the steps, and rapped. The door opened and a man appeared. I could just talk, but I could not stand.

"Take this woman into the house, and the horse into the stable," I gasped. "Bandage up his legs and stop the blood. Don't ask me any questions. I'll tell you later."

The girl was quickly taken into the house. I felt relieved. My job was done. I relaxed. We had just made it. I remember as I lay there on the steps thinking that it was the horse that saved us.

Presently the man came up to me with a lantern and helped me into the house. There

was an old lady there. I just remember seeing her for an instant. I fell flat on the floor and stared into the blazing fireplace.

The old man began to ask me all kinds of questions.

"Don't ask me anything. Leave me alone for an hour," I begged. I did not want them to touch me at all. I asked them not to touch me.

"Won't you have a glass of cider?" the man asked quietly.

I didn't answer, but he disappeared and came back shortly with a dipperful of the sour stuff. It was a big, two-quart dipper and it was full. I grabbed it from his hand and drained it to the last drop. The dipper fell from my hands to the floor and I sank down in front of the fire again.

We had reached that house at eleven o'clock, after seven hours of torture and cold.

While the girl had frozen the side of her face, one hand, and the sides of her feet, she recovered. She was covered with black and blue places where I had beaten her and dragged her about.

The horse came through all right.

With the exception of a badly cut up pair of legs I was as well as if nothing had happened the next morning.

There in the woods during my two months' experiment this story came to me vividly, and I would always say to myself, when things seemed pretty hard to stand, "There is nothing that I am now undergoing that can compare with those seven hours eighteen years ago."

My experience that night I got lost in the swamp during my life alone in the wilderness was nothing as compared to that winter's night in the canon.

Speaking of that bog brings to my mind a question which has been asked me over and over again since I have come back to civilization. Scores of people have wanted to know how I stood the flies and mosquitoes while I was up there naked in the woods.

Now as to the flies — there were none. The last of July sees the end of flies in the woods. Anyone who knows the forest understands this.

There were a few mosquitoes, but they were to be found only in the swamp land. Up on the mountainside there were none at all. What few might have found their way there would soon have been blown away by the wind.

Other people have asked me what I did on rainy days.

Rainy days were just the same to me as

any other days. The rain did not bother me in the slightest. My body got used to it, and there was no danger of my taking cold.

The hundred and one questions asked me by women on the train when I was coming down through Maine to Boston amused me not a little. After explaining to them that I had entered the wilderness without a single thing but my naked self, and emphasizing the fact by naming one thing after another that I did without, the following questions would come pouring in on me:

"How did you keep your matches dry in wet weather?"

"Were n't you frightened when you hid in that hole and waited for a bear to come along?"

"You must have been a good shot to kill that deer!"

"Were the other men who went into the woods with you good company?"

When I replied that I had no matches, that I did not stand in a hole and wait for a bear, that I had no gun, and that other men did not go into the wilderness with me they could not seem to understand it.

I quickly saw I had a campaign of woodland education on my hands, especially for the ladies.

But, just the same, experience has taught me since the experiment that the average man is a close second in regard to a meager knowledge of the woods and nature.

To my mind, no matter how finely educated or well versed a man may be in booklore, he is not complete unless there is a touch of nature in his makeup.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WORLD AND THE WILDERNESS

In this particular chapter it is not my intention to state that our present mode of living is wrong. Rather, I will simply give my opinion of the subject, formed by constant comparative thoughts which came to me while I was living alone in the wilderness.

Every man has a right to his opinion, and every man's opinion should be respected because it is his honest point of view.

According to my opinion the way the world is living at present is entirely wrong. Civilization has carried us along to a point where, through custom and habit, we are accepting an artificial life rather than a natural one. Commercialism and the mad desire to make money have blotted out everything else, and as a result we are not living, but merely existing.

The boy in school is being taught that above all else he must make a success of life, and that success is reckoned by society on the basis of what a man is capable of earning.

Human beings are so obsessed with this idea that they find little time to look at the trees and the sky. As a result, nature, the one thing that is more essential than all the rest, is sadly neglected.

However, I am optimistic. I believe that our unnatural living has reached a point where people are beginning to realize that nature is indeed being neglected. I believe that civilization will turn back to nature and enjoy her countless benefits.

Under our present mode of living a parent has been deserted, for nature is our real mother.

Mothers and fathers should take their children back to nature — to the woods. Here they should allow them to play and live and learn a great many things which they will never forget. By doing this the parent will be inculcating the love of nature in the child, rather than the fear of it.

Perhaps some parents can't understand this, but I would advise letting children live as they want to out-of-doors. By so doing they will learn to feel things, and feeling things is what makes character.

Let the children play out in the rain and in the snow. They will not catch cold. If a child is cold he will run around and get warm.

Presently his flesh will become hard and firm and he will be the picture of rugged health. After awhile he will not notice the cold.

Under the present conditions the parent lets the child play in the snow and rain for a short time, and then calls him into the house, saying, perhaps, that it is getting too cold for the child to be out. Children are bundled up, given hot drinks, and put into comfortable beds with extra coverings to ward off any possible cold. If a draft of God's pure air happens to sweep across the bed, the parent fearfully closes the window.

That is the worst way in the world to bring up children. Give them all the comfort possible in regard to clothing, but do not be afraid to let them expose themselves to the weather.

Years ago, when I was a boy, I thought nothing of going down to the spring in winter in my bare feet. I used to keep moving and the snow did not harm them. When I got back to the house my feet would be as warm as toast and as red as fire.

I remember one winter when regularly for six weeks I used to go out in the snow each morning with nothing on my body and race through the snow for half a mile or more. It

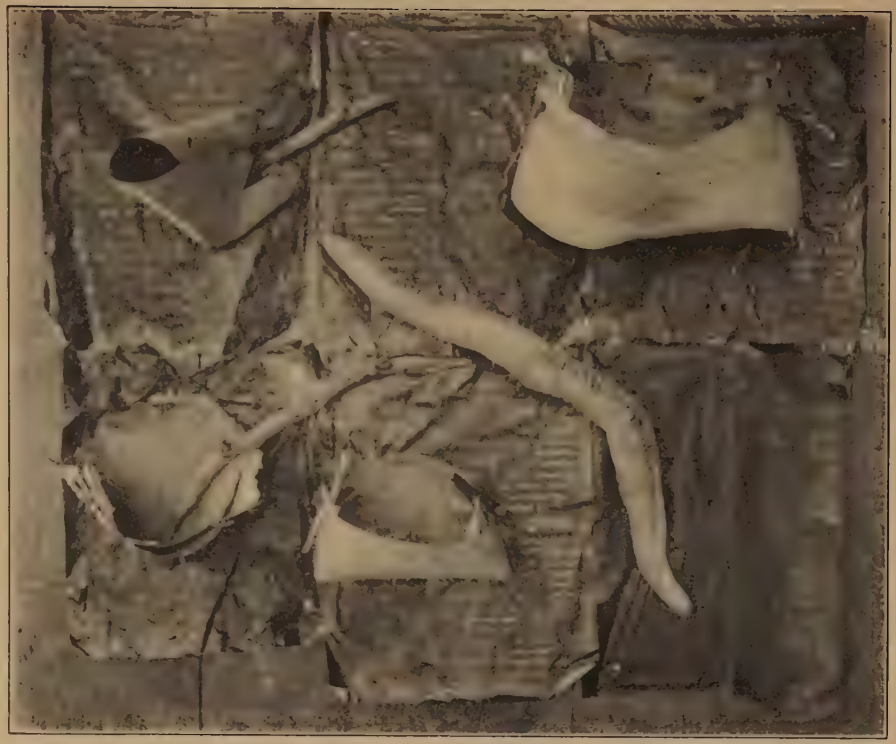
might have been zero or below zero — it did n't matter. So long as I kept going I was all right. When I went back into the house my body would burn all over like fire. The blood was coursing through my veins and I was putting myself in fine shape.

Being out in the fresh air part of the time and locked up in a house full of impure air the rest of the time constitutes a radical change. It is these sudden changes that bring on pneumonia and other diseases.

Do not pay much attention to your children for fear they may catch cold out-of-doors. That fear of yours may result in the dreaded cold. If they feel cold they will instinctively move about.

If children are in bed and begin to cry that they are cold, let them cry. Don't pay any attention to them. So long as they keep up screaming they are all right. When they get up in the morning they may look a little tired, but you will notice that they will eat an unusually good breakfast.

The child who is given all the luxury of a steam-heated room free from drafts, instead of sleeping practically dies during the night and comes to life again in the morning. These children are like tender young plants. They



CALENDAR (IN CENTER), BIRCH-BARK DISHES AND DRINKING CUPS, FOUND IN THE WOODS AFTER THE AUTHOR HAD LEFT. THE CALENDAR HE LOST SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE HE LEFT FOR CANADA, BUT IT WAS FOUND BY OTHERS AFTERWARD

have no appetites. Breakfast means nothing to them.

Take these same children and send them out-of-doors to play for hours in the open air, and when dinner time comes they will eat heartily. They will have lived for a brief time the way nature meant them to live. This means living out-of-doors all the time and exercising.

I believe because of this great neglect of nature that the world is growing weaker and weaker, and that human beings are the sufferers.

While I do not wish to thrust my ideas upon people, I am glad to be able to contribute all that I have learned in my way of living; and I honestly feel that if they heed some of the advice and believe in me they will benefit greatly in health.

I ate in the woods only when I felt like it and when circumstances brought me in contact with things to eat. When there was nothing in sight I did not eat. I had no regular breakfast time. Just because it was the first thing in the morning I did not eat.

Because civilization has got the idea that everyone should eat at noon does not prove that it is the time to eat.

It was the same at night; I had no accepted

supper time. If I was not hungry I did not eat. When I was hungry I naturally drifted to a place where I could relieve my hunger.

People of the civilized life drift into hotels and restaurants at so-called meal times because they have been accustomed to enter such places at those times before. Nine times out of ten they are not really hungry.

A man sits down to the table, picks up the menu, and wonders in a worried way what he will eat. He says it is the same thing over and over again, and he makes a great fuss in the ordering. If that person were truly hungry and normal he would order anything.

Some days in the woods I may have eaten twenty times a day; on other days I would not eat a thing. Nothing was regular with me. I had no regular time to sleep. I simply drifted along the easiest walks of life in the wilderness and accepted everything as I found it; and I always used the easiest methods in obtaining food, shelter, and comfort.

The finest banquet I could sit down to means nothing to me. I care nothing for all the fine wine and so-called good things to eat in the world. I never give them a thought.

It is the people who are seated around the table with their interesting faces that absorb

my attention. I never know under such conditions what to eat. I never anticipate the "delicious" crabmeat, or whatever is served, before I eat it.

There is nothing more pitiful to me than an epicure.

Our whole system is a waste of good time. How much time is absolutely necessary to satisfy our hunger? I claim we are selfish when we waste two or three hours of our time at a social meal when we could be accomplishing so much for the surrounding world.

Of course, if a man is not a worker and has nothing else to do perhaps the best thing in the world is to let him eat himself to death.

The society drawing room, where women clad in beautiful gowns mingle with men suffering in starched linen, all of whom are breathing stale air, is a sad picture as compared with the great natural rooms of the forest where man lives with as few clothes as possible.

Surely the reader will acknowledge that the fresh air of the forest is more invigorating than the air under the plastered ceilings of drawing rooms, where the odors of Florida water and talcum powder and pungent perfumes almost stifle one.

I realize that past generations have created

in the minds of some a demand for things artificial, but I feel that, even before this habit and taste were formed, way back hundreds of years ago there existed an instinct for the natural life which even in the people of to-day is struggling once again to come into its own.

I believe that the great outdoor movement, which is gaining strength all over the country at present, is catering to this instinct and that as a result much of the artificial life will be wiped out.

There is no place for style in the woods. There was not much style about me during my two months' isolation. There is no place for style in the natural order of things. I believe that style retards life more than men or women dream of.

Modern civilization is a creation of man not of God. Nature is God's creation. I do not think, and never will believe, that God intended us to live as we are living in these civilized times. Our civilization has brought us something worse than the barbaric.

Do not misunderstand me and think I am criticising the academic side of things. Far from it. I believe every man and woman should get every bit of education possible, but I do not think this education should be

obtained at the expense of true living. Better to me is a normal life and less education than an abnormal life and too much education.

In a succeeding chapter I will tell you how going without clothing in all kinds of weather benefited me in the forest. I am convinced that the human being needs little or no clothing. All I had in the woods was my naked skin. I was perfectly comfortable under those circumstances.

So-called custom makes it necessary for a man to wear a sweltering hot coat in the presence of women even during the hottest days in summer. Such a thing is ridiculous. The skin needs air just as much as the lungs.

At the very start of life parents have the tendency to overclothe their children, with the result that boys and girls are made tender in the beginning so that it is necessary to bundle them up all their lives. A slip-up in their dress, and they are taken sick.

Had these same children been hardened in the beginning they would have grown steadily healthier.

In this civilized life we have altogether too much. We have vastly more than we need — more than is good for us.

Recently the great question of the high cost

of living has arisen. It seems to me it is not the question of the high cost of living, but the question of the high standard of living.

Years ago families did not have electricity in their houses, nor telephones, nor steam-heat, nor tiled bathrooms. Seldom if ever did they go to the theater.

And nowadays they are wondering why it is so hard to get along. People do not stop to think that these luxuries are the cause of stringency in the family purse.

Years ago the wife went to market with a market basket on her arm. Society considers such a thing as common to-day. The grocery and provisions man delivers things at your door, and you are the one who pays for that delivery.

Meat used to come done up in brown wrapping paper. Now the butcher does it up in waxed paper first, for which also the consumer has to pay. All these things are luxuries which we could easily get along without.

We are too dependent upon other people to do things for ourselves, though we could do them perfectly well if we chose.

When I was in the woods I could not telephone down to any market and tell the butcher to bring me up some deer-meat. I had to go

and hunt up my deer for myself. And I had to kill it and cut the meat off, before carrying it to my fire and cooking it. Some of that meat looked pretty black after I got through roasting it, but it contained just as much nutriment, and did me just as much good, as if it had been served on a white platter, garnished with parsley.

In the mind of the housewife who is about to entertain, a dainty-looking table is more to be desired than nutritious food which she serves to her guests. According to the present mode of entertaining things must look "nice" even though all hands who partake of the spread may die of acute indigestion.

I ask the reader the next time he goes into an electric car to study the different advertising signs, which spread from one end of the car to the other. With the exception of perhaps a bread sign, every one of the other things which, according to the advertisements themselves, "you can't get along without," is pure luxury. You don't actually need any of the things advertised.

"You're not correct unless you wear Chokem's Collars," reads one. Who, other than the Chokem Collar concern, says you are not correct? No one. Yet the public

take the bait and Chokem Collars become the rage.

Women wear the most outlandish rigs because someone says it is the style. The people of to-day are style-crazy. They willingly make themselves appear ridiculous if in their own minds they know they are wearing something that everybody else is wearing.

To me it seems as if they miss the point. I should be tempted to wear what everyone else was n't wearing, and not be classed with the human mimickers.

In the woods, just because a trapper picks up a feather and sticks it in his hat you don't worry your heart out until you find a feather just like it to put in your hat.

Close to nature such absurdities do not exist. A man uses just what he finds, and he generally finds all he needs.

By this I do not mean that women should n't have pretty things. I believe they should, and feel that such a desire has been instinctive way back through the ages. But there is no excuse for their going to extremes just because someone else does.

There is another side to this question of simple living, and that concerns the regulating of the housewife's duties. Personally I enjoy

the simplest kind of a life. The humble life is the true life and the healthy life.

I do not believe in having a great mansion elaborately furnished and decorated, nor in entertaining lavishly. This entertaining does no good in the world, and life is too short for such a waste of time.

I should like to live in a very simple bungalow or log cabin, far enough away from the noise and smell of smoky cities so that I could think and work along the lines that I enjoy the best.

If I had a companion I would wish her to have all the freedom in the world. I would never dictate to a wife of mine, and I should not want her to dictate to me.

If she was not what I thought her to be before I married her, and she continued to live with me, I would make her come up to my ideal. I should not attempt to do this through nagging, sarcasm, or quarreling, but simply by minding my own business and setting her an example. I would not interfere with her in any way. I believe in absolute freedom of thought and action.

All that we possess in the world is what God gave us, and that constitutes our life. Why should anyone attempt to dictate to us, or

direct our movements? When a person does this he is selfish, and is trying to use something which does not belong to him. Not being satisfied with the life God gave him, he shows it by not having respect for the freedom of others.

All I ask for in this life is my freedom and my liberty such as I had there in the wilderness.

Just as I have said that children should live close to nature, so do I believe the same thing as applied to women. No man should expect a woman to slave at housework which would have the tendency to keep her constantly confined to the house.

A woman needs plenty of fresh, outdoor air, yet the majority of them are so worn out by their housework that when it is done they sit down to read or sew, instead of spending as much time as possible in the open air. Nine-tenths of the nervous trouble among women to-day is caused by a lack of fresh air and exercise.

We have but to take our lessons in health from the wild animals. They are always out-of-doors and they are continually exercising. They have no luxuries.

During my experiment I lived as the animals

lived in the forest. I was a part of the wilderness that surrounded me.

To-day, as a result of that experience, I am far healthier than I was when I went into the Maine woods.

I can't say too much in favor of walking. Anybody but a cripple can walk, and it is a good habit to get.

To-day people can't set foot out-of-doors without riding in a street car or an automobile. There are many times when they might walk and enjoy needed exercise which spells health.

For two months I walked continually about the forest, and all the time I was doing this I was putting myself in splendid condition. I had no one to wait on me. I was not a hanger-on. A hanger-on in the wilderness would starve to death. When I wanted some berries I had to go and pick them. I could n't ask anyone to pass me the berries. I was absolutely dependent upon myself, and this condition proved of tremendous benefit to me.

In our civilized life when a man is "down and out," what does he do? He immediately hunts up his friends to aid him. He does not realize what he could do for himself if he would only try.

The animals of the woods, when they are

hungry, do not go to other animals to borrow food. They creep away alone, and by their own resources locate their food and fight for it.

Civilization needs to learn this lesson of self-dependence more than anything else. The people of to-day need to stop leaning on the other fellow for what they want. Within themselves, if they only knew it, is a power they do not dream of.

CHAPTER XIV

TRAPPING AND WOODCRAFT

When I entered the wilderness on August fourth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, I placed entire dependence upon my knowledge of the woods, which I had gained from practical experience. In the preliminary catechising of myself I could think of nothing that would block me in the undertaking.

I had never read any books on the primitive man or the primitive life. I simply knew what I had been forced to do in the past, and I felt that such knowledge would carry me through, as proved to be the case.

A knowledge of woodcraft can never be gained through the reading of books. While certain methods can be described in this manner, the reader will never grasp the true spirit of the subject unless he has the practical experience to go with it. A little of this practical experience goes a long way.

If a man is really interested, his year-by-year contact with the woods will aggregate

a considerable amount of knowledge. While he is in the forest a man is not making a study of nature through the medium of type-set pages, but he is gradually absorbing the real fundamentals through the great, big, open book of nature — the one natural textbook, written on the mountainside, the trees, the surface of the waters, and in the thicket, by the greatest author of them all — the Almighty.

In attempting to give you a little insight into the fascination of woodcraft I will begin by touching upon the various trails which are to be found all over the woods.

There are many kinds of trails: natural game trails, and those made by man. However, all trails are very much alike. In every instance a trail, whether it be made by man or animal, follows through the wilderness, over streams, along the line of least resistance.

When a man builds his camp in a virgin country he makes his trail to the spring along the easiest way. If an animal had come there years before, and started from the site of this same camp, he would have made a trail to this same spring exactly the same as the man made it — simply because it was the easiest way to make it.

The spotted or blazed trail, like the others,

follows this line of least resistance. The blazed trail is not a trampled trail. It is a trail made by spots on the trees with an ax.

Swinging to the right or left as the land may go, but always keeping one point of the compass in mind, the man in making a blazed trail marks a spot or a blaze on a tree with his ax. From the last blaze he looks ahead, singles out another tree, and when he reaches it makes another blaze there. On he goes through the forest, making a spot here and there in this manner.

Even the amateur can easily follow a blazed trail. When he comes to a spotted tree all he has to do is to look ahead to the right or left until he sees another blazed tree. Upon reaching that he goes through the same performance. Thus he goes from tree to tree all the way along the trail.

To return to the natural game trails: these trails are worn through the process of one animal after another drifting along over the same ground. They use the same route through the forest because that is the easiest way to go. The woods are full of these trails.

Marks in snow tell the trapper that an animal has passed, but his knowledge, gained from experience, allows him a more complete

understanding, and by it he can interpret the disturbances all along the trail.

By observing the lay of the land the experienced trapper who comes upon undergrowth and ferns understands why the path is zigzagged.

He is able to tell what kind of an animal is ahead of him by the size of the tracks and by the distance between the steps.

By studying the shrubbery the trapper can determine what the animal has eaten, and if he knows what the various animals feed upon it will be easy for him to tell just what sort of creature has preceded him, without seeing it at all.

There is always some sign along the trail, and the experienced man can never go wrong. Marks of antlers on the bark of trees point out the direction a deer or moose has taken.

The man who knows the woods is always at home in the forest. He always knows north from south without the aid of a compass. He is sure of himself in regard to direction, knowing that moss always grows on the north side of trees.

The woodsman also knows what the situation of the sun means. If he is forced to travel any distance on rainy days the moss acts as his

compass. The moss was the only compass I had during my sixty-mile tramp through the wilderness to Canada.

If a man is traveling through the forest a number of miles to a certain point, and he is acquainted with the woods and wild life, he does not always travel in a perfectly straight line. He allows himself to drift along the trails of least resistance, keeping in his mind all the while the point of the compass he is headed for.

For instance, if he strikes a trail that bears to the northeast, and his destination is directly north, he can follow this trail to the northeast for miles, which goes partly in the direction he is aiming for. Doing this he is always on the lookout for the next trail along the line of least resistance bearing straight north or even northwest. If it is a northwest trail that turns up, he knows, by following it along for some distance, that he has brought himself back to his course or even crossed it to the westward of north. Consequently he knows that north is still to the east of him. Of course, under such circumstances he watches for trails, as he walks along, which lead to the east or north of the trail that he is following.

Thus by zigzagging through the forest on the

natural trails of the least resistance he finally reaches the point he started for.

In a country with which a man is fairly well acquainted there is no difficulty in finding water at any time.

Even at the time you need water you are unconsciously walking along a natural game trail that leads to water. It is n't necessary to go in a straight course over the tops and underbrush and through the tangles to find water.

Simply follow the natural game trails in the forest, from the smaller to the larger ones, and such a course will always lead you to water or a camp.

Perhaps the questions may arise: Why do these big trails lead you to water? And why do the trails get bigger? Because these trails always lead to something, and the constant frequenting of them by animals makes them bigger. They lead the animals to something, or there would n't be any big trail there.

Anything that is good for the animal is good for the human being. In a word, all a man has got to do in the wilderness is to live in perfect harmony with his surroundings. He has n't got to resist anything.

It is n't necessary to walk into a stream and wade up against the current. Build a crude

craft and float downstream with the current; you will get a whole lot more out of it.

In building a fire always kindle it to the lee of your lean-to, so that the smoke of the fire won't pour into your camp and smother you.

I would pick the site of a camp in the open, under the shelter of spruce or cedar, or some other black-growth timber. This is perfect shelter, for all the dew or frost that would fall during the night would land on the limbs of trees.

On the spills under the trees it is always dry, no matter how damp or frosty it may be outside. This black-growth timber protects the ground beneath it from frost, fog, and dampness, which come from the atmosphere. The black timber absorbs all this as nourishment for itself. This explains why under black-growth timber there is never any sign of vegetable life — nothing but dry, dead, decayed vegetation and spills that have fallen the year before.

There is not a thing in the forest, dead or alive, but what is of some use. Even the dead leaves are invaluable. They can be used to kindle fires, and also to make a fine top covering for a forest bed.

The trapping season in the woods starts early in the fall when fur is getting good and

prime. The trappers have what they call trapping lines — a territory extending for miles through the country. This trapping line section is "baited up" — that is to say, food liked by the animals is scattered about through the district in order to get the fox, mink, otter, sable, bear, muskrat, and beaver coming there.

Then the setting of the traps begins. The trapper does not work according to the eight-hour-day schedule. Sometimes he is up and away at four o'clock in the morning and continues working until after dark at night.

After the catch the skins are fleshed and stretched and dried in camp. Without tanning they are sent direct to market.

Anyone who devotes his whole time to trapping, and understands his business, can make as much as three thousand dollars a year. A five-dollar license at present allows any resident of the State of Maine to catch all fur-bearing animals in any place in the state during the respective open seasons.

As to the various modes of trapping, I will start with the bear. The most modern and up-to-date way to catch a bear is to use a steel Newhouse trap. The Newhouse trap weighs about twenty pounds, and has two heavy steel springs which control two heavy

A SKETCH DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN THE WOODS ON A PIECE OF FUNGUS, WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

steel-toothed jaws. Attached to this is a chain about four feet long with a ring on the end. This ring is to fit over a piece of timber ten feet long and four inches in diameter, which is called a clog.

This clog is used so that when the steel jaws close on the bear's leg he will drag it along. As long as he can make headway he will keep going, but if he finds himself fast he will "leg himself," or, in other words, gnaw off his own foot and make his escape. If a bear starts the trap and finds that he can make progress, he will work all kinds of ways to clear himself from any tangle he gets into. But you will always find him in a Newhouse trap.

In trapping a bear in this manner bait is necessary. Anything in the way of fish, or fresh or stale meat, is good, but best of all is the carcass of another bear.

Another way to trap a bear is through the use of a deadfall. The deadfall is built of logs. First place a bed-log so that it lies about one and one-half feet above the ground. Next drive four long, heavy sticks into the ground, two on each side of the bed-log and about eight feet apart.

In the slots between these sticks another log, called the drop-log, is placed upon the bed-log.

At one end it is raised up and supported by a prop, which is known as a figure four.

Then this top-log is loaded with four or five other logs, these logs fitting into the slots made by the extending sticks. Among trappers these logs are known as the load.

The bait for this trap is placed on the back of the deadfall, and is protected by brush and sticks in such a way that it can only be reached from the front of the deadfall. The bait is likewise put at such a distance that the bear will have to step over the logs before he can reach it.

When he pulls the bait, the trap is sprung and the drop-log falls and crushes the animal between the logs.

An older method, and one used by the Indian squaws to trap grizzly bears in the west, is to dig a pit in the ground and build a deadfall of logs and stones above it. When the trap is sprung the bear is buried in the pit under the heavy load.

This kind of a pit and deadfall is similar to the one I used to trap my bear during my wilderness experiment. If I had had an ax I would have built a regular deadfall. As it was, I was forced to use what loose material I found about me. With this rough material

I constructed a combination pit and deadfall which caught the bear alive.

The only difference between my trap and the one used by the squaws was that my trap did not crush the life out of the animal.

In a previous chapter I have explained one way of catching a partridge. Partridges may also be trapped in a snare, just as a rabbit is caught. The snare can be made out of many different materials that grow in the woods. Even grass and roots will make strong snares, and the lining bark of the cedar.

In making a snare make a loop with a slip-noose in it. Bend a little bush over the trail, and fasten this bush in a notch made on another bush. Attach the loop to the bent bush, and hang it just a little above the trail.

When a partridge or rabbit touches this snare, in attempting to pass through, he brings a strain on the bent bush, which is released with a swish, catching the quarry by the neck and dangling him over the trail.

It is a cowardly thing to snare a deer, but it can easily be done. A man who gets a deer in this way, or in a bear trap, is called a "pot hunter."

By making a snare out of rawhide, and using

a larger tree for a spring, it is just as easy to hang a deer in the trail as it is a rabbit.

The trapping of mink is a different story. The trapper goes alongside of a stream and digs a hole in the bank. Into this hole he forces some stale fish or other bait. Then he places his steel trap, which is attached by a chain to a hitcher, at the mouth of this hole. The trap and hitcher are well covered up with dirt and leaves. The mink, in trying to get at the bait in the hole, steps on the hidden trap and is caught.

To catch these animals in the lake country, set your trap in about two feet of water on a flat rock or a natural stepping place, which the mink would use in coming from the water. The placing of the bait close by entices the animal, who, coming by way of your trap, falls a victim.

Beaver castor, the essence of the seven barks which the beaver eats, is very penetrating, and a little of this spread in the vicinity of the traps will attract the animals very quickly.

Catching the otter is somewhat more difficult. If he is going upstream he always goes through the biggest swell of water.

Otters breast themselves against the flow

of water and push themselves over the falls with their hind feet until they reach another flow, and so on.

Their front feet, which they use very little, are so small that a trap would slip off one in a second. They must be caught by the powerful hind legs.

Place a trap below the flow in about eight inches of water, and attach the chain of the trap to a hitcher which has been put out in deep water. For this particular hitcher a limb is chosen with its branches, which are trimmed down to about an inch in length, pointing downward. Thus the ring of the hitcher can go down over these small projections, but it cannot be pulled up.

When the otter starts to push himself over the flow he pushes his foot into the trap and immediately dives, pulling the ring down the stick. Then the sunken hitcher holds him under water where he drowns.

In case the otter is coming downstream the trap is set just below the flow.

Not being in sympathy with the wholesale slaughter of animals through our system of hunting to-day, I will not dwell at length on that particular side of wood life. However, I wish to say just a word. Anything that the

law allows a hunter to do is accepted by everybody to be fair.

For the mere payment of so much money to the state authorities hunters are allowed to go into the forest with rifles and rapid-fire guns and kill a stipulated number of deer and moose. But they can't do this unless they pay so much money.

Such practices are not in accord with nature. They are not in harmony with the great out-of-door movement, and are of no benefit to the people.

The killing of animals for the mere sport of it should be absolutely stopped. Let woodsmen and campers kill game only when they are forced to do so out of necessity.

There should never be a law prohibiting the killing of animals for use in case of necessity.

The animal has not got a square deal when he is pitting his craft against that of the hunter with a gun. The gun should only be used when meat or skin is necessary. Under such conditions its use is perfectly fair.

So-called sport as it exists to-day is nothing more than the instinct in man to kill inferior animals. What pleasure is there in putting a bullet through a running deer? Why does a man kill a deer?

After all my life in the forest I have not got a single animal head or anything like that in my home. I would rather know that the animals were roaming free in their natural haunts.

Instead, I have some photographs of the inhabitants of the wilderness which I prize more highly than any trophy obtained by trap, snare, or rifle. These photographs were taken down streams in the darkness of night, under the jacklight, in the deep snows in winter, where the animals live in yards, and along the trails in the open places.

While I have killed much game for various reasons, I have passed hundreds of wild animals by when I could easily have slaughtered them.

Friends with me have said, "Why did n't you take a shot at that fellow?"

I would reply to them by saying, "I would rather see a wild animal running than falling."

CHAPTER XV

THE VALUE OF THE EXPERIMENT

The tremendous interest manifested by the people broadcast in this experiment of mine is most gratifying to me. This interest has assumed larger proportions than I dreamed could be possible. While I personally realized the great benefits to be derived from nature, I thought that in the busy rush of life a majority of the people would not find time to consider the subject. However, there seems to be more interest in the outdoor movement than ever before, and if my small effort has been of benefit I am satisfied.

I believe this great outdoor movement will lead to an entirely different line of education. I believe that it will open a new book, which can be studied outside of plastered walls and away from the unnatural light of gas or electricity. It is not a book of black-typed information, but the great book of nature with its fundamental teachings.

To me there is not only an education in nature but a religion as well. My God is in the wilder-

ness. The great open book of nature is my religion. My church is the church of the forest. I am convinced that he who lives close to the teachings of nature lives closer to the God of creation than those of the civilized life who wrangle over the different doctrines handed down from one people to another.

There is little thought attached to these various doctrines. The child of a Baptist father is a Baptist simply because his father is a Baptist. That child is a Baptist before he is born. Our religions are created for us even before we exist, and when we arrive on earth we follow the teachings of the particular group of people who have made up a part of our family tree. Religion of this kind is nothing more than habit.

The true teachings of God cannot be obtained by reading in books the thoughts of other men. They may be understood only by living, feeling, seeing, and being a part of your surroundings.

Nature is a religion where all people can meet on common ground. The mere fact that differences of opinion exist in the various sects and creeds shows that something is wrong with the different types of religion accepted by different types of people. In nature the proximity of the Almighty is indisputable — His teachings here are within the understanding of all.

People of civilization follow many kinds of religious trails, but the real trail is the one made by God himself, and that trail is nature. Those reading this great book and following this trail will one day come out at the destination they hope and dream about.

As to an education, there is much in nature that cannot be obtained through school and college courses. This part of knowledge is, I claim, a vital part of man's education. Such a knowledge puts the man in such a condition of physical health that he can go back to his other studies and duties with far greater effect. The more he studies nature the more he will continue to study her, because in that studying he will come to realize that he is truly living — living as he was meant to live in the beginning.

The man who yearly gets farther and farther away from nature in his abnormal struggle for wealth and luxury is well along the road that leads to the destruction of health. Such men are tearers down of future generations.

In the beginning it was my ambition and hope to establish beyond the question of a doubt that a man could enter the woods and live the primitive life successfully. I wanted to demonstrate that a man could live without leaning on the other fellow, and that within himself there

were ways to get along without the slightest aid save from nature.

Nature had allowed men to exist before, away back when the world was young, and I said to myself that in spite of the handicaps of civilization the extra intelligence gained through the ages would more than make up for the physical deficiency.

That trip of mine into the wilderness means that I was literally born again. The day I came forth from the woods was the beginning of a new life for me.

During my life in the world of civilization I had never really given the time to think about things. I never really stopped to consider all the great advantages of nature. I never reviewed in my mind the various experiences I had had in previous years in the woods. I did not stop to consider the many interesting things that I knew about animals, trapping, hunting, and woodcraft.

These two months in the forest I sat time and time again in front of my campfire and really thought for the first time in my life. It seemed as if every experience I ever had came back to me in the most minute detail. This made my brain worth something to me. In a word, my two months in the woods have been a wonderful

education. The experiment made me find myself. It gave me perfect health. It demonstrated to me that there were thousands of things in our present so-called civilized life that are unnecessary; in fact foolish, ridiculous, wasteful practices that stand in reality for nothing.

It established for me the realization that people are slaves to luxury, and that luxury is making great inroads on the mind and health.

My friends know that the notoriety, which perhaps has come as a result of this experiment, means nothing to me. I have always aspired to do my part in the world, if I could but make a start. For every man it is a hard thing to start. I made up my mind one day that I would get such a start. Then the idea of this trip came to me just as I have previously described it.

I am glad that the idea stuck with me, and I am glad that I gave the time to think it out. The thought that perhaps I was doing something was an incentive, although many times in the forest I wondered just what the people on the outside were saying about the experiment.

Perhaps the experiment will demonstrate to the man who is lost in the woods that all is not lost. Perhaps the thought that I existed for two months without the slightest aid may help

a man under such circumstances. I sincerely hope so.

The one thing that stands out more strongly than the rest, perhaps, is the health side of the question. I mention this about myself just as I would tell the story about any man because I believe the comparative values to be of vital interest.

On July thirtieth, just before I left for the Northern Maine country, I was examined by Dr. Dudley Allen Sargent, physical director of Harvard University.

At that time Doctor Sargent made the following statement:

"I have made a thorough physical examination of Joseph Knowles of Boston, and from the results I am certain that if it is possible for any human being to accomplish the experiment, Knowles can do it.

"His attempt to live like a primeval man will have a scientific value. It will also have a practical value, depending in extent on what he actually accomplishes in the woods.

"I believe it is possible for man to revive many things which he has lost during the progress of civilization. There is no question that in our advancement from primeval life we have dropped through disuse a great deal of natural

knowledge; our artificial life has robbed us of some of our greatest powers and has stunted others.

"The 'getting-back-to-nature movement,' which I have consistently indorsed, and which is now gaining ground everywhere, is turning the tide backward. Out-of-door life is to-day being demonstrated as the ideal and natural life for human beings.

"The attempt of Knowles to live entirely cut off from civilization is a further move in the right direction, and it reaches the fundamentals. Few men dare attempt such a sweeping change of living, and few men are equipped physically to accomplish the result. Still fewer men have the previous knowledge of the woods which is necessary.

"However, the object lesson of any man's success in living independently in the woods for months would be of great value to people who enter forests. A lost man should be self-sustaining. He should know how. To know that it had been done would give him assurance, and any actual experience under these circumstances should furnish him with methods.

"We will be interested to know how the lack of salt will affect Knowles and to find the effect of a sudden change of diet from city fare to wild

things. We want to know how his wild life will affect his physical condition, his weight, and his measurements. How greatly the cold will affect his comfort after he becomes inured is also interesting to science.

"When Knowles returns to Boston after his two months in the woods I will again make a complete examination, and by comparison with his condition when he entered, will be able, I think, to say what effect his experiment has had.

"When I examined him he showed considerable fat, which will aid him in resisting the cold. He had a remarkable vitality and much reserve energy, and was altogether fit for the experiment.

"I fully believe that, with his previous experience to aid him, he should be able to accomplish his experiment."

On October ninth, the day I arrived in Boston, I was again examined by Doctor Sargent; and the comparison between the two examinations was most interesting.

In commenting on my examination after coming from the woods Doctor Sargent said:

"Knowles is in the pink of condition, if ever a man was.

"According to the system employed at Harvard he tested 876 points before going into the woods and 954 on coming out.

"His test was 150 points better than the hardest test taken by the football men.

"He surpassed every test he took before starting on the trip.

"His total strength test was 974 points. A university crew test is 700.

"With his legs alone he lifted more than a thousand pounds.

"The strength of his lungs increased five points on the manometer, while the capacity of his lungs increased 45 cubic inches — a remarkable increase.

"Subjected to the action and the stimulus of the elements, Mr. Knowles' skin has become a perfect skin. It serves him as an overcoat, because it is so healthful that its pores close and shield him from drafts and sudden chills.

"His scientific experiment shows what a man can do when he is deprived of the luxuries, which many people have come to regard as necessities.

"No deterioration, only splendid increase of vigor and vitality, came to him as a result of this experiment. Forced to eat roots and bark at times, and to get whatever he could eat at irregular hours, his digestion is perfect, his health superb.

"Mr. Knowles has lost eleven pounds in weight; his height has increased one-tenth of an

DR. DUDLEY A. SARGENT OF HARVARD EXAMINING THE AUTHOR AT HIS OFFICE IN THE HEMENWAY GYMNASIUM, SHORTLY AFTER THE AUTHOR CAME FROM THE WILDERNESS

inch; his chest has gained nearly one-half inch; his waist-line has decreased two inches. Some little weight has left his hips and thighs. His calves have enlarged, due of course to his long tramps in the woods.

"As to the lack of salt, it did n't seem to affect him in the slightest.

"Sandow was perfect in strength and development; Knowles is perfect in strength and development, but has probably the staying powers of three Sandows."

The following comparative table, compiled by Doctor Sargent, when compared with the measurements of Sandow, furnishes interesting data:

	Knowles July 30	Knowles Oct. 9	Sandow
Weight	191 lbs.	180 lbs.	180 lbs.
Height (standing)	69.2 in.	69.3 in.	67.7 in.
Girth Head	23.6 in.	23.6 in.	22.8 in.
Neck	16.1 in.	15.9 in.	16.5 in.
Chest (normal)	41.1 in.	42.5 in.	44.1 in.
Chest (full)	44.9 in.	44.9 in.	46.9 in.
Ninth rib (normal)	39.4 in.	38.6 in.	.....
Ninth rib (full)	42.1 in.	41.7 in.	.....
Waist	37 in.	35 in.	32.7 in.
Hips	40.2 in.	39.8 in.	38 in.
Right thigh	23.2 in.	22 in.	23.2 in.
Left thigh	22.4 in.	22.2 in.	22.8 in.
Right calf	15.9 in.	16.1 in.	15.4 in.
Left calf	15.6 in.	15.9 in.	15.6 in.
Upper right arm	14.4 in.	14 in.	16.9 in.
Upper left arm	13.8 in.	13.4 in.	16.1 in.
Right forearm	11.8 in.	11.8 in.	13.4 in.
Left forearm	11.8 in.	11.8 in.	13 in.
Strength chest (points)	70	75	.....
Capacity lungs (points)	245 cu. in.	290 cu. in.	275 cu. in.

As to further thoughts regarding the value of the experiment, I think perhaps the opinions of other eminent men on the subject would be of value. It is better that words of appreciation should come from them rather than subject myself to telling the kind things they have to say about me.

Among others, Salem D. Charles, President of the Protective Fish and Game Association of Massachusetts, has said in public:

"Men have praised the performance of Mr. Knowles too much. There is nothing wonderful about it. Many of us have been there. I have, but I confess I never undertook it in a state of nudity. As a representative of the woodsmen of the state I say again that there was nothing wonderful about Knowles' performance, and that he was the man of men to do it. There is no doubt about the battle of the deer in the minds of men who know. Deer can be killed just as he says.

"Knowles' work was well done, and he is entitled to the praise that he is receiving from thousands.

"There is something in the woods which instills strength in the chest, in the arm, in the intellect. Our boasted parks of civilization give no comparison. The parks afford sunshine

and air, but where is the breath and the aroma of the forest? Where is the pine?

"His story bears the stamp of truth. I have heard doubts expressed, but I know it is all as simple as can be. Knowles is to be thanked for bringing the attention of the people back to the woods."

Dr. Samuel W. McComb, the psychologist, was very kind in his expression of appreciation. He said:

"In making a study of Knowles I find him to be a simple, honest-minded man. I do not believe he has said anything that will not bear the closest investigation.

"He has shown us, among other things, that there are many things in life which are not essential.

"He has shown us what a strong personality can do under extreme pressure. That is a great lesson in itself. If he never does another thing in life, this one thing will lift him up a notch higher than he has been before.

"It is a most romantic experience, and I am delighted with it all.

"I have just been reading the life of Columbus, and have found that after he had discovered this great land of ours there were many people across the sea who did not believe he had dis-

covered it. The world is full of skeptics. However, I think we may disregard them all. The statements of Mr. Knowles are so simple and straightforward that they would convince anyone who thinks.

"The man is an incentive to the growing youth."

William C. Adams, of the Protective Fish and Game Association of Massachusetts, said:

"Knowles' experiences have made a wonderful impression on me. His mental attitude especially impressed me. A man can go into the forest on the darkest nights and smile at the stars, and rest, and nothing shall hurt him. The friendly attitude of the woods is what Knowles knew."

James B. Connolly, the author, pointed out another interesting thought when he said:

"The great lesson this experiment teaches concerns the physical welfare of the race. There is too much striving for refinement. It leads to degeneration. Mr. Knowles has taught us how to live on nothing. It is better than living on too much."

From the standpoint of a clergyman who loves the outdoors, the Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, pastor of the Warren Avenue Church, Boston, gave his impression as follows:

"Mr. Knowles has lived a wonderful sermon. In secular life and in churches, all matters must be presented interestingly. Old fogy ways will not do in the woods or in the church, and Mr. Knowles has given a sermon so pointed that the whole country will apply the lesson. The Almighty has raised up such men as he to go forth into the wilderness. And behold a sermon two months long for the people of the United States!

"Hundreds of thousands of young people, who have read his story and wondered, will find nature's blessings of health and pure air and strong limbs. They have been delighted with his stories of bears and blueberries and deer and moccasins, and it has set them thinking.

"I wish those who worship gold as their God could understand the underlying spirit of the wilderness and its treasures of health, combined with economic living.

"I want all to have good homes and enough to live on, but here is a man who has lived alone, unassisted in the woods for two months, which is more important than gold. Here is a prophet of the simple life.

"Knowles has also appealed to men and women. They will go into the woods. It will give them time to stop and think, and the more

they think the longer the flag will wave. Unless they do stop and think I fear that some time there will be no flag.

"Men and women in the wilderness get the great sermon that God always teaches of the running brooks and the birds that sing."

I have simply mentioned these few ideas about the possible value of the experiment, not to emphasize an indorsement of my test, but to show how students of such things figure out possible benefits from my humble effort.

I hope that the various stories which are interwoven into the fabric of my narrative may help, even in a little way, to stimulate the minds of men and women in the direction of nature. I hope my experiment will yield things true and big and broad in the minds of the people, so that they may catch a glimpse of the comparison between the natural life and the artificial life.

CHAPTER XVI

CONCERNING THE BOY SCOUTS

When I speak of the Boy Scout movement I do so with enthusiasm. This movement, more than anything else to-day, is leading the people back to nature.

Of all human beings the boy is the one who should take the burden of this needed education upon his shoulders, because the boy of to-day will be the man of to-morrow.

First of all, boys are naturally closer to nature than grown-ups. Then they have that unquenchable enthusiasm, which, after all, is the biggest factor in accomplishing big things.

There is more or less tendency to-day on the part of parents to take responsibility away from the boy. They are catering to his every wish, and, as a result, are weakening character rather than benefiting the child, as they feel they are doing. There is an abundance of the so-called scientific training, and too little of the practical.

Years ago, in the days of our grandfathers, the boy was very close to nature. He had more

responsibilities. He had his chores to do, and he had to act more for himself than he does to-day. To-day all kinds of luxury surround the average boy. Even the sons and daughters of the very poor have their clubs, and, having them, enjoy more privileges than the boy of means of years ago. The boy to-day plays mechanically and does not depend upon his own resourcefulness as he used to. He does not have to make his own toys. They are bought for him instead.

I never had a toy bought for me in my life. Everything I had of this kind in my boyhood I had to make myself from materials that cost nothing.

I remember once the delight I took in a bow and arrow I made. It would have been impossible for me to have gone into a shop and with money given me by my father to purchase such a weapon. My father had to use his money in other ways. However, best of all the bow and arrow that I made myself was far stronger and more practical than any I could have bought. And I had the satisfaction of knowing that I made it myself.

There were times when I envied the boys who had fine toys and good clothes. I often wondered if they had them why I could not have

them too. I always had the ambition to catch up with those boys, and to have the same things that they did.

I said to myself, "Some day I will have good clothes, and then I will be on an equal footing with those boys."

From that day to this it has been one continual fight, and I want to tell the boys right here that I believe that I am a bigger man because of this constant struggle.

I did not try to catch up with these other boys for the sake of just mixing with them. My ambition was to show them that I was as good as they were.

In my position of poverty the only way to show them at that time was to fight them, and I used to do this. I was a fighter with my hands. I could hold my own with any boy in this way.

My idea was all wrong. I believed that a man was not a man unless he could fight with his hands. If I fought with a boy and he conquered me, I would meet him again. All this was before I used my brains.

Then I met men who fought with their brains. Boys, you all have brains. There is no need of fighting with your hands. It is a silly thing to fight with fists when a matter can be settled with your mental equipment.

I listened with great interest to these men who settled differences with cool words. They appealed to me. I believed in them.

I said to myself, "This is another kind of fight, and it is bigger and broader.

These men seemed to like me, and we drifted along together. I watched them and saw how they lived and how they looked. Then I would notice that people admired them.

I would say again to myself, "What can I do to become a man like these men?"

I knew these men had been educated in the schools. I had n't. They were refined, and could speak different languages, and I looked up to them. Boys, such a thing is one of the best things I know of. If there is some particular big man, who is loved by the people, and who appeals to you as being a big, worth-while kind of man, make him your ideal and work and fight to become a man like him.

Don't for a moment think that you cannot do this. Your success depends on your grit and determination. When you are discouraged, fight the harder. A man who always keeps at a thing is bound to win out. None of us realize what we really can do until we are called upon by necessity.

These men meant more to me than money

ever could. They possessed something that money can never buy — big qualities.

I have seen much of life in the forest and on the sea. I know one thing above all else, and that is that a man must be fair to get anywhere. He must be true to his friends and true to himself.

The golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," is the best thing in the world to follow. It can't be beat. If every one lived up to it we would have a perfect world, such as the Almighty wants us to have.

The Boy Scout oath is the embodiment of the Golden Rule.

Its laws are perfect. "A scout is trustworthy," reads the first law. A man, in order to succeed, must above all else be trustworthy.

Law No. 2 says, "A scout is loyal." Loyalty is one of the greatest words in the English language, because it goes with friendship. A true friend is one of man's greatest possessions.

Regarding the third law of the Boy Scouts, "A scout is helpful," I want to say that I believe this to be a most important law. Helping another is the truest sign of friendship.

However, I believe this doing things for

others may be overdone. Perhaps I am treading on dangerous ground, but I do it honestly. I believe in aiding others only when they actually need help. If a person is ill he needs assistance. If a man or woman is infirm, offering to assist them in crossing a street, or in other ways, is the right thing to do.

If a boy can relieve his parents of responsibility it is again a noble thing to do. But the world is full of what I call "hangers-on." They live like the bank beaver in the woods on what others do for them. They have so much done for them that they do not know how to do things for themselves, and they become valueless. I believe every boy and girl should want to do everything that they can for themselves. By not leaning on the other fellow they become masters of themselves. Depending upon their own resources they can accomplish wonderful things.

I do not want the reader to misunderstand me. I believe in helping others, but only where it is absolutely necessary.

Perhaps I can well illustrate this point by relating a story, which is told by one of the biggest Salvation Army workers in New England. One of the biggest and kindest men of the city met him on the street one day and said:

"Captain, every day I am approached on the street by unfortunate men who ask me to help them. Sometimes I wonder when I give them something if they are deserving. I am blessed with money and I want to help these men, if they deserve to be helped, but I am constantly wondering if, at times, I am not encouraging begging and indolence."

"Well, I'll tell you," answered the Captain. "If I were you I would change my method. When a man approaches you on the street and asks for something to eat and a night's lodging, give him one of your cards with the address of the Salvation Army People's Palace written on the back. Tell him it is good for food and a bed at our home. If that man comes to us I will charge his expenses for the night up to you."

The wealthy man thought this was a fine idea, and during the next two months gave away twenty-five of his cards to men who approached him for aid on the street.

In all this time he did not receive the slightest word from the Salvation Army authorities.

One day he called up the Captain on the telephone.

"I must owe you quite a bill," he said.

"Why, no," answered the Captain. "You

owe us just twenty-five cents. One man with your card has come to us since I met you."

The rich man was amazed. It showed him that out of the twenty-five cards he had given away only one had been a truly worthy case. All the others had wanted money instead of food and a bed.

However, a boy instinctively knows when he should help another, and when his instinct tells him to, he should never fail in his duty. The boy also knows that courtesy is a great factor in the world, and that he should be polite and always considerate of others.

When I was alone in the wilderness I had no one to aid me. I did not even have anyone to talk to. If I wanted anything I had to go and get it for myself. I had to use my own resources, and, as a result, I am better for it.

Boys in our modern life, especially in big cities, do not have the opportunities of getting back to nature as boys did years ago.

However, through this great movement of theirs they come together and talk of outdoor life, and at every opportunity they go into the woods and learn the great lesson of nature. Big men, who know, have written books on the woods and the animals that live within these woods. The Boy Scout is obliged

to learn these various animals and things about nature in order to qualify as a first-class scout.

I am particularly interested in the different stages in the movement. There are three degrees which the boy must take before he becomes a first-class scout. This part of it is a splendid feature, inasmuch as the boy just starting in to be a scout constantly has the incentive of becoming a bigger and better one. I even advocate more degrees, so that a scout can always look forward to something bigger.

The Boy Scouts of America first become what they call tenderfoots. Here they make a start, and a start is a big thing.

A boy must serve at least a month to be eligible to enter the ranks of the second-class scouts, and all the while he must learn necessary, practical things of life in order to qualify. He must know how to aid those who are injured, how to cook, how to build fires in the open, how to use a knife and a hatchet, and other practical things that thousands of boys do not know to-day.

Such knowledge makes the boy independent. It gives him an education that will stand back of him in after life — it brings him closer to mother nature, whom, in the onward march

along the roads of civilization, he has run away from. It gives him health, and health means stronger generations to come.

In order to become a first-class scout the boy must know how to swim; to earn a certain sum of money and deposit it in a bank; to make maps; to understand the growing things in the woods, and how to live in the open.

What movement can be greater along educational lines? Where does book-learning compare with this practical experience in the great outdoors?

Of course, have the book-learning too, but divide this learning with the learning from the open book of nature.

I understand that there are over two million Boy Scouts in the world to-day.

I believe it to be the duty of every parent to encourage his boys in this work, and I certainly approve of any such movement for the girls along this line.

I realize only too well that the average Boy Scout will not go into the depths of the woods as I did. However, I feel that the average American boy of reasonably good health, and with a reasonable amount of resourcefulness, could accomplish things in the forest that he and his parents would never dream of.

The Boy Scout will go into the forest where man has been, and where there is ample opportunity to get close to nature. He will learn the different growing things, and the habits of the animals that frequent his domain. He will learn how to utilize the different materials all about him.

He will come to love the woods, and all fear will leave him. He will get to feel as safe and comfortable in the forest at night as in his own home.

In the summertime the boy in the woods knows he cannot freeze. If he is lost, all he has to do is to keep his head. The best place to choose a camp if night overtakes him is in a thicket. If he feels cold, he knows enough to get up and run around.

The boy in going into the woods should know in what direction he is going. With this constantly in his mind, he can get his bearings by the moss on the north side of the trees.

It is useless for me to tell the Boy Scouts how to build a fire, without any matches. They know already. To the boy just beginning, the chapter on woodcraft, by Ernest Thompson Seton in the Boy Scouts' Handbook, will explain all that very quickly.

In the winter when the snows are deep, and

he is walking on snowshoes and night overtakes him, it is a simple thing for him to construct a cosey camp for the night. I have done it hundreds of times and have been perfectly comfortable.

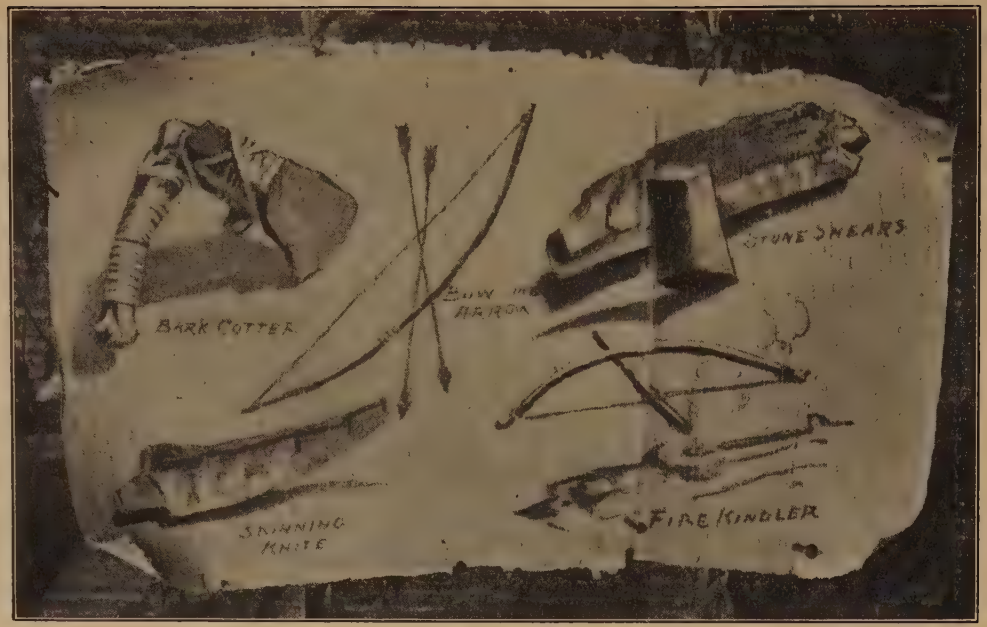
He takes off his snowshoes, shovels a hole in the snow with them, and fills this hole with boughs. He sticks up a couple of sticks in front, places a cross-stick across those, and slants boughs covered with bark from the cross-stick to the snow in the rear.

After gathering wood enough to last all night, he starts his fire in front of the lean-to, to the lee side. He can regulate his comfort to suit himself, under these conditions, no matter if the temperature is below zero.

There are no animals in the woods in winter that will molest him in any way. The bear is in his den. The moose are in their yards on the tops of the mountains, and they never leave these yards until the snow is gone. The deer are also in yards on the mountains and in the swamps.

The only animals that travel on the light snow are the rabbit, fox, wild-cat, mink, fisher, and the soft-footed animals.

Even if there were vicious animals in the woods, none would approach close to a camp so long as a fire was burning.



IMPLEMENTS MADE IN THE WOODS BY THE AUTHOR AND USED BY HIM DURING HIS EXPERIMENT. A SKETCH MADE BY THE AUTHOR IN THE WOODS ON BIRCH BARK, WITH BURNT STICKS FROM HIS FIRES

If a boy has n't any food he knows he won't starve overnight. In the preceding chapters he can find much material on foods and how to get them.

The more experience a boy has in the woods the more his instinct will be developed.

No guide can describe to you how he finds water. He simply goes and finds it, that is all. He knows instinctively where to go by the trails and the lay of the land.

A boy who lives a great deal in the open will see the folly of smoking. I am not a prude about such things, but I do want to say that nine out of every ten who smoke acquired the habit because, when they were young, they thought smoking looked well and made them men. Smoking does not make a man. Rather it shows a weakness for luxury. There is nothing in smoking, and in many cases it is harmful. A man does not need tobacco, and he can be just as contented, and even more so, without it than he can with it.

There is n't a man I know who smokes who, way down in his heart, does not wish that he had never started the habit.

I don't even have to mention liquor to a Boy Scout, for he well knows its evils. God's fresh air is the greatest stimulant in the world, and

the use of artificial stimulants is an abuse of the body.

While I am writing to boys I want to pay a tribute to the newsboys of the country. Those little men are an inspiration to me. At their very young age they are laboring upon their own resources, and in the future we are to see some great men come from among their ranks. These boys, with the responsibilities of life upon their shoulders, learn to grasp every opportunity; and the fraternity among them is a wonderful thing to see. Some of them aid materially in the support of the family. They work long and late. With all this work they are always on the alert to improve themselves.

The various newsboy clubs throughout the country have accomplished remarkable things, and valuable men are being made from their memberships.

Boys, there is one question you should always ask yourself: "Am I making the most of what I have?"

It is impossible to describe the feeling of satisfaction that takes possession of one when he knows that he has done his very best. The boy who tries to do as little in life as he can believes he is doing a smart thing, and is having an easy time. He is having a hard time instead.

He does not know the exhilaration of true happiness — the feeling that makes one glad to be alive.

If every boy and girl could but understand this, how much more they would get out of life.

A boy should never try to reason with his conscience, because his conscience in the long run is right. Instinctively he knows what his duty is, and every time he meets that duty he is making himself a bigger man — a man whom the world will look up to and respect.

Boys and girls, the responsibility of the future lies upon your shoulders. Study nature at every opportunity, for the more you know of nature the more you will know of true living.

The very boys and girls who live to-day can make history — they can be the ones who, when artificial things have taken possession of the world, can turn civilization back to the true life. This means a future life of health and happiness — a glorious heritage, which will be handed down from them.

CHAPTER XVII

NATURE AND ART

When the realization first came upon me in the forest that my battle was not to be physical but one with my mind I began to try to create something to combat it. I knew that in order to win this battle I must constantly apply my mind to labor, and that in steady labor I would not have time to dwell mentally on my loneliness.

Having been an artist in the civilized life it was most natural that my mind should turn in that direction. I wished that I might have had my tubes, brushes, and canvas, for in that way I could have occupied my mind for hours. But I said to myself, "What is the use of wishing for these things when I have not got them?"

Suddenly it occurred to me that color came from nature, and the brushes and canvas came from the same source. Then the thought came to my mind, "Why not try to get my artist materials in the forest? Why was it not

possible for art to be foraged just the same as existence?"

To begin with, I had everything necessary right there in the woods. I knew that paper was made of wood pulp. I also knew that brushes were made of animal fur. Then again there was a chance for color everywhere.

I grew enthusiastic over this idea and began making preparations to make a picture in color, using the crude materials there at hand in the wilderness. I set to work testing the stains and colors of roots, bark, and berries, and proved conclusively that I should not lack for varied color.

Then I started experimenting with paper-making. By grinding pieces of soft wood against a stone under water in a birch-bark dish a pulp was produced, of which I made small sheets. Draining the water from the pulp I spread it evenly on a piece of smooth birch-bark and rolled all the water out of it with a round stick. I then placed it in the sun to dry and, as the moisture was absorbed, the crude sheet of paper released itself from the bark.

While I lacked the pressure of heavy rolls to harden this paper, I was able to make tests on its surface with colors. The pure juice of

berries is deep and sticky. By filling this with water it becomes transparent and pleasing in color, blending perfectly with the more subdued tones of the bark and roots.

Next I made some good brushes out of the short, stiff hair that grows around the nose of the bear. After selecting the best hair I could find I tied it together with longer hair, and pulled it through the quill of a blue heron feather. To secure the hair I plugged the quill with hot spruce gum and attached a small stick for a handle. I felt confident that these brushes would do the trick.

So thoroughly carried away was I with the experiment I was making in art that I neglected everything else. I even forgot to eat. Eventually I was forced through necessity to fight for mere existence, and the project had to be abandoned. However, I know that I could have painted a fair picture in color under those circumstances.

Even after that the longing came to me to paint something. The natural colorings that surrounded me were mighty tempting. As the golden sunset softly blended with the twilight there was always an inspiration and tranquillity.

With all those things around him in the

forest all a man actually needed was the instinct of an artist.

In many instances to-day art, as it is accepted, is the merest veneer of the true thing. Art begins with nature, because it is with the products of nature that art production is made possible. There are some artists who can paint pictures of passing interest who do not even know of what their canvas is made. With perhaps the slight exception of what they have read in books, they have little idea of the history and process of color-making. These artists never made their own colors, or canvas, or brushes. All these have had to be made for them by somebody else. They accept what color is offered them in stores, where they also buy their brushes. They go to teachers of art, who have learned what they know through other teachers of art. In a word, they paint by rule — they paint the way they were taught to paint.

The artist goes back to nature and sees a moose running in the woods. He knows it is a moose because the guide tells him it is. He knows the difference between animals also because the guide tells him. Perhaps he shoots one with a modern high-power rifle. He does n't skin the animal because he does n't

know how, so he stands back and watches the guide remove the skin from the carcass. He tastes some of the meat. He watches the guide flesh and tan the hide. Then he proceeds to paint a picture of the scene. The guide carries his pack for him and makes up his bed in a comfortable camp, as well as cooking all his meals.

Perhaps he stays in the woods for a month or more, living under the most comfortable circumstances. He has observed many things with his eyes, but in all that time he has not felt the things that the guide has felt, nor does the guide tell the artist his feelings, not being in the habit of talking much.

Then the artist goes back to the city to his luxurious studio and starts to work putting a picture of outdoor work on canvas. He pleases people who do not know much about outdoor life much the same as a gay-colored chromo attracts the eye of a child. And he paints all these pictures under the most comfortable circumstances.

Along comes a wealthy man who says, "You are a great painter of wild life. Paint me a picture of a moose in summertime." The artist has already painted a picture of a moose in the fall and winter in the snow. The color

of a winter moose is decidedly different from that of the summer moose. The antlers the artist has seen are hard and perfect, but the antlers of the summer moose are soft and velvety, because the blood is circulating from the body of the animal up through every part of his horns. Summer moose look no more like winter moose than a caribou looks like a deer.

What is the artist going to do? He does n't even know what kind of a country the summer moose inhabits, or where he is found. The summer moose does not live in the same kind of a place as the winter moose. He does not eat the same food, nor eat in the same way. He is of different color, different shape, and he acts differently. So the reader will see how easy it is for the painter of outdoor life to slip up on this sort of thing.

The true portrayal can never come from the brush of an artist who has not lived close to nature, and who has not felt what he paints. To my mind, this fundamental training is a big factor in art. It is something big — something apart from the constant swapping of ideas from one teacher to another.

While such an artist may not have the technical training of the schooled artist, he has the truth of his work; and no painting is ever

great if it lacks truth. Being a part of nature will fit a man to portray nature truthfully when he comes to paint it.

It does n't matter what the picture is on the surface, nor does it make any difference what you paint it on, or what you use for a brush, or color. It is the touch. A man who views a picture rightly looks below the surface of it. He goes down deep into it.

The painter of truth-pictures is unconscious of what brush he uses or what color he employs. The only thing in his mind is the touch of life that he has seen on the head of some wood creature or the reflection of a sunset. They are the things that appeal to him as striking, and he works on and on until he has obtained the effect that is in his mind. He knows instinctively when he has found it, and he knows that he is right. He has given a soul to the painting. It takes a man who knows life from practical experience to read the soul in another man's picture. A picture without a soul means nothing.

This was one of the reasons why I went into the woods in the first place — I hoped in a small way to get the people to recognize nature in art.

I began my art in the woods of northern

THE AUTHOR GREETING HIS MOTHER AT WILTON, MAINE, AFTER HE HAD COMPLETED HIS EXPERIMENT

Maine. At various times, while I was guiding men from the city through the woods, I would draw sketches for them on pieces of fungus. They kept telling me I should develop such a talent, and this pleased me.

I drew considerably after that, but always hid my stuff. Sometimes people would find it and say it was good, and that with a little training I would one day be an artist. I knew that I lacked technical training, so I thrust myself upon every artist I came in contact with. I observed them closely, and nothing escaped me. I wondered then if I would ever be able to do anything like the work they were doing.

However, the repeated suggestions of people about my developing my talent encouraged me some and I stuck to it. One day a magazine wanted to buy a cover design I had drawn. That was the biggest thing I had reached. I said to myself, "Here is a chance for me to draw a picture for the public, with my name signed to it!" It meant a great deal to me.

But inside I felt that I was not on equal footing with other artists because I had n't had the training of the schools. I did n't dream at that time that a man could start out with what talent he had and make a success on his own resources. I did n't have the

money to study, so the only thing for me to do was to keep on painting and observing other men's work until I might one day be recognized as a painter of outdoor life.

After I received this recognition I immediately jumped back to nature in order to convince that class of doubters, who are forever tearing down when they might be building up, about the truth of outdoor painting. I went back to nature again and lived. When I came out I felt that I knew nature.

How many times have you heard the criticism, "That painting is overcolored"? It is impossible to use colors too bright to portray the truth of nature. The colors are a part of nature itself and belong there. They can be toned down with gray, just the same as a bright day can be toned down with clouds.

At certain times of the year the reflections of the forest and the sunset on the lakes are brighter and cleaner in color than any I have ever seen on canvas. The peace and tranquillity of some of the twilights and afterglows I have never seen perfectly reproduced in oil or water color.

Art critics have a tendency to judge pictures from their own personal experience of other pictures. I believe they think too much of

the technical and artificial, and ofttimes in their desire to criticize they overlook the hidden soul of the picture, which by a man who knows will be noticed first of all.

The drawing of the subject is a strong point and requires great skill and natural ability. The color is a great addition. But the greatest thing of all is the soul — the touch of the man who paints it.

The use of the camera in the woods is one interesting phase of art. I have used the camera in many ways to get negatives of animals in their native haunts. In a preceding chapter I have spoken of the jacklight method, but I have not mentioned how, at various times during my career in the woods, I have made animals take pictures of themselves.

In these instances I set my camera on a trail and laid a string, attached to the shutter, across the trail. The camera had been focused on the spot where the oncoming deer or other animal would walk against the string. The creature wandering along presses the string, releasing the shutter, and you have your negative. It does n't matter what kind of an animal comes along. If it happens to be a man you will have his picture just the same.

In order to get negatives of the smaller

animals a different method is used. Bait is employed. The camera is set at night, and a string is extended from the machine to a tree. The string dangles bait just above the ground, so that when the coon or other small animal comes to get it it has to rise up and pull hard. This pull releases a flashlight and the negative is made.

This same simple method is used in making animals shoot themselves with a gun. The string is attached to the hair-trigger, and when the fox or other animal moves the string the gun is discharged.

I remember one winter when I was at King and Bartlett Camps that I set one of these guns out on King and Bartlett Lake. The men in the camp laughed at me and said I might be able to trap foxes in all kinds of ways but that it was impossible to make a fox shoot himself. Even while we were talking the sound of a gun came to us from the direction of the lake. Investigation proved that I had been correct, because the dead fox on the ice and the discharged gun told their own story.

A first-class taxidermist is in truth an artist. I have done much of this work, having mounted heads and full bodies of animals, together with hundreds of fish.

Here again is another thing a man can do in the woods without aid or material from the outside world. Assuming that I was naked and without tools, as I was during my two months in the wilderness, and desired to do some of this work, I would first catch a fish in the manner I have previously described. Using the same process that I did with the bear and the deer, I would remove the skin with sharp rocks. Next I would find a large splinter from a broken-down tree, wide enough for a panel background. In order to catch all the high lights and make the fish appear natural I would shape the splintered wood to an oval, by placing it under water and grinding it down with a rock. A man can take any piece of wood and under water grind it to any shape he wants. When this oval background was ready I would stick the skin on with the natural glue of the fish. In spite of the fact that I had used no instruments from the outside world the observer could not tell the difference between the mounted specimen and a trout fresh from the water at a distance of ten feet.

In emphasizing my point about the artist who lacks the practical, rough side of forest life not being able to give the true touch to his pictures, I want to tell a short story about

the best-natured man I ever met. Unlike the gentlemen of art who come into the woods to observe under the most luxurious conditions, he was satisfied with anything that happened to be on hand. While he had plenty of money and paid me well for guiding him, he never complained. If he had but little to eat he would say the food was good. If it rained he never complained.

One day after one of the hardest tramps I had ever taken we arrived at one of my camps which I had not seen for over a year. It was long after dark and we had no time to gather fir boughs for a bed. Inside the camp were two bunks, one above the other. No boughs were in them, nothing but the rough hard boards.

"Well, Frank," I said, "which bunk do you want?"

"Any one," he answered in his customary manner.

"You better take the lower one," I said, "because if you happen to fall out you won't have so far to fall."

"All right," he said, and we turned in, he taking the lower berth and I climbing up to the one above. The beds were as hard as rocks.

Some time later I was awakened by a noise. I looked out over my bunk and saw Frank sit-

ting on the side of the one below with his head in his hands.

"What's the matter, can't you sleep?" I asked him.

Without moving he replied, "Oh, yes. I have been asleep, but I just thought I would sit up awhile and rest. After I get rested I will go back to bed."

If that man had possessed the artistic sense he could have painted a true picture of outdoor life. He took everything in the woods as it was, and in this way learned to feel the spirit of nature.

Sleeping on planks, skinning one's own game, getting one's own meals in the forest are all just as much a part of the training of an artist painting out-of-door life as are books and teachers. Without this rough experience the fireside artist has a tendency to paint his pictures somewhat on the order of this story:

One night in camp some years ago Andrew Douglas and I were discussing good shots and lucky days at hunting. I said to Andrew:

"Andrew, what is the luckiest hunting stunt you ever pulled off?"

"Well," he began, without a smile on his face, "it was back in the old days of the muzzle-loading gun. One day I started out hunting

ducks. I went down the bank of a stream and after awhile scared up a flock, which rose from the water and lit on the limb of a tree. I tried to get into position to make a clean sweep of them all, but I could n't seem to do it. So I went under the tree, and taking aim fired at the center of the limb on which the ducks sat.

"Of course, as the bullet sped through it split the limb, but before the ducks could fly away the split came together again, catching everyone of them by the toes. While they were fluttering and trying to get away I loaded up again and took aim at the butt of the limb close to the tree. This shot cut the limb off, and as it fell it dropped into the stream.

"I rushed into the water after it, and finally caught it, with every duck still attached. I sogged out of the water with about a score of fish in the seat of my pants, which had swum up the legs of my trowsers.

"I remember, just as I made an extra high step to get a firm footing, one of my suspender-buttons snapped off, buzzing away from me like a bullet. A rabbit coming down the stream to drink got the button right in the eye and it killed him.

"That was my luckiest day in the way of hunting."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE CANADIAN TRIP

Just why did I go to Canada instead of emerging from the forest on American soil? This question has interested hundreds since my return to civilization, but until now I have never gone into details of the whole story.

It is not my desire to attack anyone or to show bitterness, and in telling the plain facts about this trip I shall simply reveal true conditions as they were.

I want to go back a little into the history of the affair to the time just before I entered the woods. At that time, while I was in Boston, I applied through friends to the Fish and Game Commission of the State of Maine for a permit to catch or kill what game I might need in carrying out my experiment. These friends explained that I would pay all fines for the killing of such animals when I came from the forest.

For a time the commissioners ignored the application, and, when they did reply, it was to

state that it would be impossible to grant my request.

In the meantime I had discovered that Section 17 of the Maine Fish and Game Laws made it possible for such a permit to be granted—namely, that the commissioners had a right to allow game and fish to be obtained for scientific purposes at any time.

On the strength of this, I applied again to the commissioners, about ten days later, laying stress on that section of the law and also mentioning the fact that noted men were indorsing the experiment. Not until August fourth, the day I entered the forest, was a decision reached. I did not see the letter announcing it until I arrived at Megantic after my experiment was over.

"Your request for permission to kill animals and birds in Maine in close season," reads this letter, "was considered by this commission at a meeting today.

"While we appreciate the inconvenience that you may be put to, nevertheless, in view of the fact that your experiences will undoubtedly be published, if the desired permit was granted, it would certainly put our Board in the position of indorsing violations of our Inland Fish and Game Laws, which we cannot see our way clear to do."

No name was signed to that letter, only the word "Chairman" appearing where the name of the writer customarily appears.

However, with the knowledge that I had been refused once, as explained on the previous page, I went into the woods and tried to live within the game laws. This made my task doubly hard. Everybody but the commissioners of my own state were with me. The manner in which they had acted before I entered the forest naturally made me feel that they would not hesitate to disturb me after I had broken the law. I could n't be disturbed, as that would have spoiled everything.

Among others who met me after I reached Canada were four State of Maine game wardens, and they were all fine men. They assured me that I would have a free passport through the state. They got in touch with the commissioners at Augusta, who, through them, invited me to the Natural History Hall in the capitol where a reception was to be held in my honor.

The people of Augusta accorded me a tremendous reception — one that I shall never forget — and when our party arrived at the State House hundreds of people had gathered for the affair.

First of all I called on the Fish and Game Commission in the office of the chairman. Scarcely had the doors closed when a cold-blooded transaction followed. The chairman summoned one of his clerks who read off the various fines attached to the killing of game out of season. Then I was asked what I had killed. I gave this information, and the chairman took down the various things that I mentioned. Then turning to me he said, "It will cost you two hundred and five dollars, Mr. Knowles."

Members of my party stepped up and assured the commissioners that the fines would be attended to just as soon as the party arrived in Boston, and I was escorted into the Natural History Hall where the people were waiting to receive me. As I was moving on schedule the time was very limited, and presently I left the hall in the waiting automobile in order to keep an appointment with the mayor and make train connections for Portland.

As I started through a lane of people through the street one of the commissioners dashed down the steps and announced that the chairman had decided that I must give bonds before I left the State House.

"But that matter will be attended to just as soon as we arrive in Boston," protested the

man who was engineering the party. "We are on schedule, and every minute is precious."

In spite of this the commissioners insisted, so I went back to the office where the Attorney-general was waiting with the chairman.

"But they are on schedule, Mr. Commissioner, and they have n't got time," said the Attorney-general.

"We'll make time," declared the chairman with every ounce of authority that his office allows.

However, to make a long story short, a spirited conference followed, and I was allowed to depart to catch my train after I had affixed my signature to the document that gave me free passport through Maine. This also contained a clause to the effect that I would pay all fines for what game I had killed.

Afterwards two of the commissioners, for whom I have the highest regard, came to me and said they were sorry that such a thing had happened. They told me they had been in favor of granting me a permit in the first place but that they had had to give in to the chairman of the Board.

Such, through the admission of the majority of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, is the condition of the State of Maine to-day.

The majority of the Board is controlled by the minority.

I suffered more mentally during my last ten days in the forest than at any other time. This suffering was not due to the fact that I wanted to go out before my time was up, but rather because of a fear that I might be molested by game wardens before I had lived my two full months in the forest.

After I had killed my bear I wondered at various times just how the game wardens and the fish and game commissioners would act. However, after I had got my deer the thought was harder to get rid of than it had been before. I was not conscience-stricken or anything like that. I had only killed game through sheer necessity. The one paramount thought in my mind after getting my deer was that the game wardens would come into the woods and take me out. Being alone, and having no one to talk the matter over with, I turned this thing over and over in my mind. I imagined all kinds of things. I felt as if I were being hunted. The thought got hold of me so that I began to neglect myself. I camped anywhere and everywhere. I said to myself, "What is the use of building a home only to have the game wardens come along and find me as soon as it is finished?"

During those ten days I lived in a state so that I could move any minute. I wandered from place to place, always watching for men who might be after me. And I saw some men during those days, but they did not see me. In all I saw four or five. Every strange sound I heard startled me. I would think, "There they are again," and I would go back to my lean-to to see if they had been there.

The idea that I was hunted brought out all the animal in me. I acted just as a deer would act. At night I slept in such a way that I could not be surprised from the rear. In a word, just as the deer does, I faced my back tracks. If anyone had approached me I would have seen him before he could have seen me.

One afternoon a party of three men passed within ten feet of where I was hiding. They were talking about me.

Can the reader imagine how I would have felt, after having lived two months in the woods as I have lived, to have come forth from the forest to meet my friends and have half a dozen game wardens step up and place me under arrest, and take my skins away from me? I said to myself, "I will beat these wardens at their own game, if possible."

In the wilderness I had no one to ask advice of. I had to settle everything for myself. So I began to reason that if I went to Canada the wardens would not molest me in any way. I felt revengeful. I did n't care what the Canadian officials did to me as long as I escaped the Maine authorities. I would have undergone anything rather than be taken by game wardens in the woods.

After my decision to go to Canada, I knew I must notify my friends of my intention. The night I started for Canada I was a little dubious as to the exact date of the month it might be. A week before I had lost my calendar stick and was carrying the days in my head. I knew I was n't ahead of time, but was not sure about being one day late.

Placing on a stump a roll of birch bark on which I had written that I would meet my friends on the shore of Lake Megantic, Canada, on October fourth, I went back into the woods. Following a trail to the left to a point about a mile and a half from the camp I then swung in, walking straight in through the camp yard. There was a light in one of the cabins, and as I passed I could hear the boys playing cards. Over at one side I saw two men going up one of the trails with a lantern,

GAME WARDENS ESCORTING THE AUTHOR TO ATTEAN CAMPS AFTER HIS RETURN TO CIVILIZATION. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, MR. PENDELTON, MR. COMBER, MR. DURGIN, MR. WILCOX.

but they did not see me. I continued on my way down to the Spencer Stream, which I forded, and then went on a few miles until I had crossed the Kibby Stream.

Then I headed up Spotted Spruce Mountain, where I spent the night. I did n't have any fire or lean-to. I simply curled up in my bear-skin at the foot of a tree and slept as best I could. It had begun to rain hard. My mind was filled with wardens, and I did n't stop for anything to eat that night. I remember that I dreamed for the first time. I thought that I was talking to someone and in my dream I would say to myself, "I have gone and talked with someone, and now it is all off." Then I would wake up and be mighty glad it was not true.

I was on my way early in the morning. I never saw it rain harder. I kept away from the logging roads and the worn trails, fearing that such places would be watched. I followed the natural game trails along the lines of least resistance. I probably went twenty-five miles farther in this way. I did n't take a direct course, but swung to the east or north, always keeping my destination in mind. The moss on the north side of the trees always told me where north was.

From Spotted Spruce I drifted along down on to the slope of Old Snow Mountain, over Hurricane Mountain, and farther on to Douglas Mountain, where half a mile beyond I came to Douglas Pond. Boundary Mountain was straight ahead, and I made for it. It was not until I had crossed the line that I drew my first free breath. They could n't touch me now!

The rain had n't abated in the slightest, and again I tried to sleep with my back against a tree. It was impossible to go on, as I could not see my hand before my face. I had eaten once that day — early in the morning — when I had shot a partridge with my bow and arrow. Not being able to get a fire in the wet, I had eaten it raw. I ate nothing that night.

The next day was the fourth of October. I was not sure of this, believing it might be Sunday, the fifth. I covered several miles that morning, and when noon time came it stopped raining, which was a great relief.

I still had some distance to travel, and after going on for two or three hours I heard the distant whistle of a train away off somewhere ahead. I followed the direction of the sound, and about four o'clock that afternoon I saw before me through the trees the tracks of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

A tram car, with three men aboard, rolled up the track. As I came out into the open and saw them I rushed back in among the trees so that they would n't see me. Then I laughed to myself when I thought what I had done — I had simply jumped back out of habit. My time was up in the forest and I did not need to fear human beings any more.

Some distance back in the woods I had donned my skins, not knowing exactly whom I might meet.

When the tram had passed I came out of the woods and made my way to the railroad tracks. There was no one in sight now. I started along up the track, wondering how the people would receive me.

Suddenly ahead of me up the track I saw a little girl of about fourteen years old. She caught sight of me and stopped stock still. In spite of what she saw she held her ground and watched me approach. I would n't have blamed her if she had run back just then, because I must have been an unusual picture in my skins.

Coming closer I asked her how far it was to Megantic. A torrent of French greeted me. I knew a little of the language and put the question again. She told me Megantic was

about seven miles farther along. I tell you the sound of her voice sounded good to me. She was the first human being I had spoken to in two months. Rather than continue on her way, she turned about and walked down the tracks with me toward Megantic.

Presently we came to a house situated some distance back from the railroad. A woman with about fifteen youngsters came running out to meet the little girl, who had called to them. When the youngsters saw me they let out a yell and scattered like so many partridges. However, before I went on my way they got so they approached me timidly, and one or two of them even reached out and touched me with their little hands.

Frienie Gerard, for that was the little French girl's name, told me the train bound for Megantic was very nearly due, and I knew if I flagged that train I would save myself a whole lot. Thanking her I once again started up the track. The sun had come out and the weather was beautiful.

Presently I turned the bend and came upon a freight engine puffing on a siding. As I drew up closer the engineer dropped down from the cab and came running up to me. "You 're

Mr. Knowles, are n't you?" he asked coming forward with outstretched hand.

I told him that I was.

"All of Megantic is waiting for you," he continued. "Your friends are there, together with the game wardens of Maine and Canada, and they have planned a big welcome for you."

In a moment the rest of the train crew had come running up, and for a few minutes I held a reception in the middle of the track. Just as the little French girl had done, they told me that a passenger would be along any time now, and said they would flag it.

"Have you got any money to pay your fare into Megantic with?" asked the engineer.

I laughed and told him the banks in the woods had n't been doing business for a long time. He took a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket and insisted on my borrowing it. I accepted the loan and took his name.

By this time the whistle of the passenger sounded up the track. The train was flagged and I went into one of the cars where I sank into a plush seat. It felt mighty good. It was the first sign of luxury I had experienced in two months.

Immediately the car was in an uproar. People from the other cars poured into the one I was

in and began shaking my hand and asking me all kinds of questions. I confess I was a bit muddled hearing all those voices and seeing so many faces, and to this day I don't remember what I said or half what they asked.

When the train pulled into Megantic I looked out of the window and beheld a sea of faces. When I came down the steps I thought the crowd would tear the skins from my body. I had n't dreamed of such a reception as this. I don't know who it was, but somebody hustled me down the main street to the Queen's Hotel. The streets were choked with humanity, and I remember looking up and seeing the hotel decorated from bottom to top with British and American flags.

Doctor Gregory of the Canadian Parliament was the first to welcome me. In the midst of a lot of excitement, in which newspaper men and townspeople were trying to get at me, I was hurried upstairs to a hotel room. I saw a bed over at one side and, stripping off my bear-skin, I threw myself upon it just to see how it would feel. It was pretty fine. I don't know how they got in, but it seemed as if a hundred men crowded every inch of that room. And everyone began to fire questions at me. How far had I walked? — someone wanted to

know. I told him that my trip across to Canada covered about sixty-five miles, and that I had done it in two days and two nights.

Nobody asked me if I wanted anything to eat. However, when I collected my thoughts I saw that I was smoking a cigarette. I don't remember taking it or lighting it. Someone just shoved it into my hand.

One of the party of friends who had been on hand to greet me pushed through the crowd to the bed, with four big strapping men behind him.

"Joe, these are the game wardens of Maine, who have come up to welcome you and escort you back through the state," he said.

I want to mention the names of these men because they proved to be splendid friends to me on my homeward trip. They were F. J. Durgin, chief warden of Somerset County; H. O. Templeton, warden of Franklin County; James Wilcox and L. F. Comber, wardens of Somerset County. They assured me that I would not be molested on the downward trip, and that they considered it an honor to be one of the party!

"You ought to have something to eat, Mr. Knowles," one of them suggested, whereupon a a doctor in the room, overhearing the remark, rushed forward holding up his hands in horror

and said with a quaver in his voice, "This man can't eat heartily after the diet he has been living on for two months? He must be most careful about what he eats."

"Well, he can have a spoonful of milk, can't he?" requested someone.

The doctor agreed to that. But as soon as he had left the room another voice shouted above the babel, "Gentlemen — Gentlemen!" The talk subsided. "Gentlemen, here is a man who has been living in the woods for two months eating anything he could lay his hands on. He has just reached us after walking sixty-five miles through the wilderness without eating a thing but a raw partridge since yesterday morning. Would n't it be interesting to see what he orders for his first meal?"

Everybody thought it would.

I looked around for the doctor, but he had n't come back. Then I shouted the first thing that came into my head: "Fried salt pork, potatoes and tea."

Everybody laughed.

I think I ordered that combination because it was my first recollection of food back in those days of poverty years ago. When the order arrived I gazed with misgiving at a three-legged table which during the last half-hour had tipped

over no less than a half-dozen times. I saw the tray containing the food placed on that table and I made a jump to steady it. Then I looked at the food. With two bites and one swallow I could have cleaned everything up. But I was back in civilization and it was necessary to be polite, so I nibbled and went on answering questions.

As to my feelings among all those people, I was somewhat dazed. I answered them mechanically, my mind traveling with race-horse speed.

I wanted to see the papers and read what people had been saying about me. This I did later in the evening, after the room had been cleared. But even then I had to barricade the door with furniture.

At half-past one the next morning I left Megantic en route for Boston by way of the wilderness.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FUTURE

The ending of my two months' experiment in the woods of northern Maine was only the beginning of an experiment that will, I hope, lead up to something of international importance and magnitude.

I have many plans, some more remote than others; but sometimes during my lifetime I hope to see them all carried out, for I believe that such plans worked out will create a new foundation on which the nation may stand.

Simply because we are a civilized people does not mean that the days of wilderness colonization are over.

Within a very few years I hope, with the coöperation of the United States government, to be able to establish a colony of men and women who are interested in this outdoor movement, where every lover of nature may live as he wants to and was meant to live.

From the government I hope to obtain thousands of acres of wild lands which, if not

utilized, would remain a waste for hundreds of years.

While I have not perfected my plans at this early date, I sincerely hope that the project may be carried out under the Stars and Stripes.

There are possibilities in the Great Lake region on the Michigan and Minnesota shores, and if that land is not available the whole great Canadian wilds stretch off on the other side of the lakes, a part of which might be obtained from the Canadian government.

This idea would in no way trespass upon that of the Forward-to-the-Land Movement. This colony would be something entirely different — a colony where the simplest life would be followed, where men and women would learn to use the things of nature around them and nothing else.

My idea is to have this colony a practical school of nature, where young men may go for a short time, just as they go to college to learn things scientific. There is no College of Nature in the world to-day, and the people of our times are sadly in need of that branch of education.

In this colony nothing will be commercialized. Stockbrokers, land grabbers, or timber

speculators will not be allowed to live there. There will be no grafting or thieving.

Already many of the most reputable men in the country — men who have done big things — are interested in this project. The governing board of this colony will be made up of such men. As unprimitive as it may seem, it would be absolutely necessary to have some law in such a community; but the laws would be so simple that they would not interfere with the independence of man.

It will not be a colony for the immigrant, but a settlement for the rich and the poor who desire to learn about the great outdoors and the animals that live within the forest.

The killing of wild animals would only be allowed in cases of necessity. If a man needed filling for snowshoes, hides for moccasins, or food, he could kill his game; but only under such conditions. No game could be sent outside of the colony.

The whole scheme would be one of progressiveness, and every man would labor for himself. In time of absolute necessity, humanity would play its part.

I could live among the people and tell them what I know, and there would be others who would do the same.

People who bore the proper credentials from a board of centralization could live in this colony a part of the year or the whole year.

With the proper instruction they would build their own log cabins in winter, and their lean-tos in summer.

It will be a purely scientific and educational movement.

Where do a majority of the people of to-day go in the summertime?

They go to the crowded summer resorts, at the seashore and the mountains. They carry the social whirl along with them, and when they return after a vacation they are even more tired than when they went away. What have they learned? Nothing — because balls, whist parties, and other games did not give them time.

In this College of Nature the man rests while he labors. The life in the outdoors gives him new health, and every day he lives he will find new wonders. He will marvel at the companionship of the wild animal.

All the luxuries of life will be left behind.

There will be no need of the theater. The forest itself has many comedies, dramas and tragedies. There will be no demand for

such amusement. Games will be played, and they will differ from whist in stuffy rooms.

I think under such conditions the bringing back of almost extinct blood in horses could be worked out. There would be great opportunity to raise the Morgan Horse, which the United States and Canadian governments are trying so hard to get. This horse is known as the American Arab, and is the hardiest and speediest known. In such a country they would thrive.

I am convinced that such a College of Nature would result in a marked change in child literature. Through the books which would be written the child would come to love the woods rather than to fear them.

It would be my intention, while the life in this colony was progressing, to furnish the outside world with reports of the work and the methods used. Such material would play its part along educational lines. It could be used in the regular public-school curriculum with powerful effect, and the something that is now lacking in our school system would be established.

It is all very well to dissect a flower in the classroom, and to demonstrate the fact that the intestines of a clam run through its heart;

A PORTION OF THE CROWD THAT GREETED JOSEPH KNOWLES ON HIS ARRIVAL IN BOSTON, OCTOBER 9, 1913

but such education is useless unless the student knows what the smell of earth is like, and unless he knows what it is to wade up to his knees in the cold mud and dig for clams.

Fundamental training is the necessary thing that is lacking to-day.

Even the trade school lacks these fundamentals. The boy studying to be a carpenter would be a better carpenter if he first lived in the woods and understood just how much a tree will do for man. In the trade school the boy makes something out of what he has. He does not think back of that. He does not realize that the wood makes fire for him, that the fire can be used as tools, that the tree even produces food. He would learn a value of woods such as he could never learn in the schoolroom, and knowing that value he could work more economically and produce better work.

I never realized until after I came from the woods how very little the average person seems to know about the forest and the things therein. The constant deluge of most ordinary questions which I have every day makes me marvel at the ignorance that exists concerning this vital subject. I have come to believe that the average man and woman has no conception of the forest life.

Coming down from Canada through the wilderness of northern Maine there was a newspaper man, who had seen much of life, in the party. Sailing down the streams or walking along the trails, he would go into ecstasies whenever a deer appeared in the distance. It was the same when ducks rose from under the alders or when a bear ran away into the woods ahead.

This man had traveled much. He had met the biggest men in the country, and was a man of affairs, yet he was like a child there in the forest. He was seeing something he had never seen before — something he had only read about.

This College of Nature, which I hope to establish, will teach man the things he has missed in the rush of twentieth-century life.

As I stated in the very first chapter of this book, in carrying out my two months' experiment in the wilderness I did not do a wonderful thing. I repeat that any man of reasonable health could have done exactly what I did.

Men of the woods, who know, do not think it so wonderful. Yet there are hundreds who are constantly telling me what a wonderful thing it was. Together with these, there are those who, not understanding wood life, disbelieve my stories outright.

For the benefit of this last class I propose, in the near future, to make a second experiment in the forest like the first. Just as I did on August fourth, 1913, I will enter the forest naked and without food or implements of any kind to aid me, and will rehearse my experiment all over again so far as living on my own resources is concerned.

However, on this second trip I will add something. In order to convince the people who cannot understand at present, I will allow a dozen representative men to accompany me and watch me live the primitive life. These men may enjoy the comforts of camp life and observe me constantly.

Of course if I am to get a deer with my hands, as I did the last time, these men must let me go and get it undisturbed. A dozen men could n't lie around watching me do this. But with such freedom of hunting as would be absolutely necessary, the observers would be able to keep strict tabs upon me every day of the experiment.

Such a trip will be conclusive proof.

I will guarantee on this second experiment to get myself in a condition to meet any change of climate in spring, summer, fall, and winter.

If the Maine game and fish commissioners

refuse me a permit a second time to kill what game I need for the experiment, I will demonstrate the life in Canada, where I shall have no trouble in this respect.

I made up my mind to try this second experiment even before I reached Boston on my way from the wilderness after my first one. It was at a banquet at Portland that a man came up, and, shaking my hand, said:

"Mr. Knowles, I want to congratulate you on the remarkable thing you have done." It was the same thing over again, and I could n't help inwardly smiling at the word "remarkable." "I want you to know," the man continued, "that I believe in you, but there are some at this banquet to-night who are skeptical."

"Well, that is their privilege," I answered.

This phase of it had n't come to my mind before, and the idea of the second trip immediately occurred to me.

I decided then that I would make it, in order to convince everybody; and I will!

In the meantime I have not forgotten my art. In the rush of many duties this life-work of mine is only neglected, but not forgotten. I look forward with new spirit and feeling to getting to work again in my studio.

My experiment gave me many new ideas

and much practical knowledge that I never possessed before about art.

In conclusion let me appeal to every man, woman, and child to take advantage of the wonderful bounty that nature offers. Let them study the greatest textbook of all — the open book of nature. Let them find health and character and happiness among the trees of the forest and in the great outdoors. Let them understand the wild creatures, who have souls like themselves. Let them abandon all things artificial and really live. Let them answer the call of the natural mother — she has blessings untold to bestow. In a word, let humanity be born again.

Wordsworth has said truly:

"Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."